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THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

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Cover picture: trying to save a life at Ma'alot. (Rubinger)

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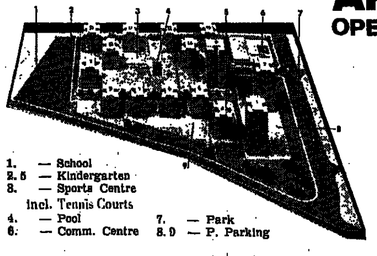

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One of the schoolgirl hostages peers out of a school window. (Below) Miriam Cohen, 5, was wounded in the terrorist attack in which her parents and brother died. (Israel Sun/IPPA)

The tragedy of MA'ALOT

WHO WILL ever know all the things that happened in Ma'alot on May 15, the day the terrorist organizations have picked to mark the establishment of the State of Israel? The survivors recall a mixture of horror and the grotesque.

One girl, in fear and confusion, challenged the terrorists, asking, "Why do you promise us that nothing will happen to us, and then you call out to the soldiers outside that we will all be killed?"

"That is just to annoy the soldiers," answered the terrorist. They showed, not humanity, but an element of practical sense in trying to lull the children into believing they would escape unharmed. It was a shrewd way of maintaining quiet in a situation where the terrorists were so greatly outnumbered that they could hardly attempt to tie up their victims.

Another girl reports that she was ordered to stand at a window together with three others, apparently as a living screen for the three armed men.

"When the soldiers come," she said the terrorists told her, "say that we want Pinhas Sapir, that he must come here. We will bring him in here and then we will blow him up together with you." A different style in psychology, pure terror this time.

The attack was carefully planned and prepared. The terrorists came looking for the building in which the party of school-children was spending the night, this particular night. They told the teacher they found guarding the party's arms — arms that were never used — to take them to the school. How long ahead did they have information of the school party's movements?

News of military movements is automatically treated as a secret to be carefully guarded; most of the ministers' movements are not announced a week or two ahead in order not to tempt terrorists. Had nobody ever considered that an outing of innocents could become a promising target, with consequences to which we would be doubly vulnerable?

There are disturbing questions about the tragedy that require full and authoritative answers.

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Becoming a PERSON

On Monday, ROSA GINOSSAR will become one of Jerusalem's Honoured Citizens. Among the many distinctions of this remarkable woman — a daughter-in-law of Ahad Ha'am — is that of being one of the first women lawyers in the country. She describes here her long fight with the Mandatory authorities for the admission of women to the Palestine Bar.

Lord Chancellor Sankey on his way to the Privy Council to decide if Emily Murphy (right) was a "person." (Below) Rosa Ginossar in 1989.

WOULD IT surprise you to know that in the 1920s in Palestine, under the British Mandate, a woman was not considered a "person"? I discovered this in 1923 when I returned to Palestine to work in my profession after completing legal studies in Paris, and applied for permission to sit for the bar examination in Palestine law. It was then I was told that, since in any case I could not practise law in Palestine as I was a woman, it was also forbidden for me to take the examination.

I decided that as I was interested in legal matters I would simply find employment with a law firm and in this way acquaint myself with local law. Because two men, Harry Sacher, and S. Horowitz were both personal friends of my family and prominent Palestinian lawyers, I went to work part-time in their office for several years, receiving the munificent salary of £5 monthly. Contract law became my specialty, and soon I became adept at drafting legal documents. This work did not require my appearance at court, and yet permitted me to further my legal training.

The refusal of the Palestine Government to admit me to the bar examination was based on two points: the examination was a test of an applicant's knowledge of Palestine law, and, on passing it, admittance to the bar was automatic. According to the law at that time, only a "person" could be an advocate and a "person" meant a man only.

In 1928 the Government of Palestine published a draft for elections to the Jerusalem Municipality, which stated that only "male persons" could vote. When I read the draft I saw that the Government had thus committed itself to a new definition: if a law meant only males, it would state, as in the election draft, "male persons," but when only the term "persons" was used then it must therefore imply both males and females. Therefore, as the legal admission to the bar states only "persons," and not "male persons," it must include women as well.

Thereupon I applied again, this time formally, to the Legal Board for admission to the Foreign Advocates Examination (foreign, as my diploma was granted in France). This being refused, I appealed to the High Court of Justice for wrongful interpretation of the law, and a date for my case was fixed.

The first real help I received was, curiously enough, through a journalist representing "The Times" of London, who wrote an article concerning my impending case. A short time later, I received the following letter from a woman magistrate in Edmonton, Canada.

November 2, 1929

Dear Mrs. Ginsberg,

Some time ago I read in one of our Canadian papers of your fight for the right to practise law in the Palestine courts. I hope you are meeting with success. Keep right on anyway. Ultimately you are bound to win.

I am herewith sending you an account of our victorious fight for the right to be "persons" under the British North American Act — our national charter. It took me 13 years and nearly broke my heart, but it was worth the fight.

This is just a word of cheer, and to let you know we are with you.

Always sincerely yours,
Emily Murphy

MRS. MURPHY also enclosed a Canadian press clipping which stated that after having been refused permission to accept her nomination to the Canadian Senate, she had appealed to the King's Privy Council. The Council had ruled that a "person" meant both males and females.

"If this holds true for Canada," wrote Mrs. Murphy, "it should also hold true for Palestine."

At last the date for my hearing arrived. The following is an excerpt from Davar's English Weekly Supplement of January 14, 1930.

The case of Mrs. Rose Ginsberg, who is fighting for the admission of women to the Palestine bar, was given a hearing before the Supreme Court. Mrs. Ginsberg pleaded for herself, by this very act establishing a precedent. Her whole argument hinged upon the interpretation of the word "person." The plaintiff's point was that it covers female as well as male persons. If the Legal Board were generally emulated in confining its meaning to men alone, women doctors would be deprived of the right to practise, for the physician, too, is referred to as a "person" in the ordinance defining his status. Besides, there was an official interpretation of the term "person" issued in 1929, to apply to both men and women.

Mrs. Ginsberg supported her argument with a case adjudicated before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, where the claim of a Canadian woman (Emily Murphy) to be elected to the Senate was admitted on the strength of the bi-sex interpretation of the term "person," in opposition to the narrower view of the Canadian courts.

Mr. Goadby, President of the Legal Board, who was present to justify the board's attitude in refusing the plaintiff's application for an advocate's licence, said he did not wish to be understood as opposing women's rights. His duty was to defend the law, and the legal position was, in his view, that women could not act as advocates in this country. The Ordinance used the term "he," and not "she." If "he" were to be taken to mean "she" as well, why women would then claim permission to plead before religious courts, which was unthinkable!

The plaintiff retorted that "he" was taken to include "she" in many an ordinance. As to the Religious Courts, they could easily entrench themselves against a feminine invasion, for in any case their special permission was necessary for each advocate. In Egypt, the plaintiff pointed out, women have been admitted to the bar since 1918.

Judgment was reserved.

THE EXAMINATIONS for the bar were set for February, and since the final judgment of my case had not yet been given, but was still pending, I decided that, in case I won, I must prepare myself quickly to sit for them. During this period, there were three adjournments of my case and several changes in the composition of the court. So, in between pleading at court and preparing my case, I studied hard for my examinations, aided by two lawyers, Yitzhak Olshan and the late Moshe Smoira, who many years later both became Justices of the Supreme Court of Israel.

On February 9, the long fight was finally over and my case was won. Forty-eight hours later I sat for my bar examinations. On April 28, 1930, I finally received the following letter:

The Supreme Court
Jerusalem
28 April, 1930

Madam,

I have much pleasure in informing you that you have successfully passed the Foreign Advocates Examination.

I have the honour
to be, Madam,
your obedient servant,
(Secretary to the Legal Board)

Of course, I received many congratulations, but perhaps the most meaningful was that of Mrs. Murphy, who wrote:

"Nothing has pleased me so much for a long time. I am going to send an account of your victory to Montreal, Quebec, where the prejudice of the French prevent women in that province from being admitted to the bar. The women will, of course, ultimately win, but at present the fight is very bitter. You are indeed to be congratulated on your splendid victory, not only from the personal standpoint, but on account of what it means to the women of Palestine and the East generally. Here's hoping the Lord may love you and let you live long.

Always sincerely yours,
Emily Murphy"

A congratulatory letter from Henrietta Szold was as follows:

February 20, 1930

My dear Mrs. Ginsberg:

I want to express to you my warm thanks for your achievement on behalf of women in Palestine and everywhere, on behalf of all the men in Palestine who care for its advancement, on behalf of Palestine.

And I want to express to you also my admiration for your skill, courage and pertinacity. We are all proud of you. I hope there may be many opportunities for you to taste the fruit of your victory."

Other noteworthy letters and cables of congratulation came from Lord Erleigh, from the International Alliance of Women for Suffrage and Equal Citizenship, from Romana Goodman of British Wizo, from Meir Dizengoff, Mayor of Tel Aviv, Lady Samuel, and the Israel branch of Wizo. Reports of my case appeared in newspapers all over the world.

THEN ANOTHER hurdle was raised. The first ordinance granting women the right to practise law in Palestine included many restrictions. Lord Passfield of the Colonial Office, in answer to a letter of objection written by me and forwarded to him by the Rt. Hon. J.C. Wedgwood, wrote that "it has now been decided in principle that, *subject to certain restrictions* (my italics), women would now be admitted to practise law in Palestine and that an ordinance on this subject was now under consideration."

When the second ordinance was published in the Official Gazette of April 29, the second clause stated: "A person shall not be disqualified by sex from being the holder of a licence to practise as an advocate in the Civil Courts or from practising the profession of an advocate. Provided that where the holder of a licence to practise as an advocate is a woman she shall not be authorised to appear in any Religious Court or any Tribal Court."

Then came the next step. In order to receive my licence I had to have my French diploma authenticated by the British Consul in Paris, which was duly carried out on April 28. But finally, in order to practise law in Palestine, one had to prove that one was over 25 years of age, and for this a birth certificate was required.

I was born in Russia during the summer, while my parents were staying in the country, and in those days one didn't rush to register the birth of a daughter, since army service was not involved. It was only when I was already a young woman and needed a passport to go abroad that my father declared the date of my birth. However, this was not considered a legal birth certificate by any means. Luckily, when I applied for my licence and explained the circumstances of my birth, one of the judges suddenly saved the day by declaring: "Look! If a woman herself admits that she is older than 25, I think we can trust her!" So my licence to practise law was finally granted. In 1933, after a further six months of study at the Juvenile Courts in London, I opened my own law office in Jerusalem.

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A University in BETHLEHEM

Christian Comment / Oikoumenikos

IT WAS ONLY last year that the first Arab University in the Holy Land, the University of Bethlehem, was opened. Today, it is holding an open day for an invited audience of parents, Bethlehem notables, faculty and students.

The university, established on the initiative of Jerusalem's Apostolic Delegate, Msgr. Pio Laghi, opened in October with a staff of three Brothers of the Christian Schools and 15 Arab professors from the locality. Ninety students commenced courses in buildings *in the centre of Bethlehem given* to the university by the Brothers.

Everyone in and out of the *West Bank had long realized the* need for an Arabic university in the Holy Land. The simple arith*metic of educational statistics* showed that every year boys and girls of university quality were *being produced by secondary* schools. The prospects of higher education for these young people were, however, very slim until last year.

A few privileged young Arabs found places in universities abroad. Arab universities have attracted some, but the obvious difficulties of communication, the small number of places and the limit of individual choice make it hard on a young person. West*ern Europe and the United States* attract others. Apart from adjustment and high cost, there is a serious danger that the student *will not return.* One of the University staff spoke about those who do return: "They have been to some extent shorn of their Arabic culture and heritage." Such an alienation of a whole generation of its best young people can seriously cripple a developing nation for years to come, he added.

A TRADITION grow up under the British Mandatory and Jordan governments, continued under Israeli rule, to facilitate the movement of students to the universities in Cairo, Beirut and other neighbouring countries, and holiday passes for travel across frontiers are granted to the students every year.

A study conducted by Bethlehem University shows that the number of the younger generation going to such universities has increased. But this very exodus accentuates the problem. "There is," says the study, "no comparable part of the world where talented young people have been so completely cut off from the chance of local higher education."

The lack of higher education is reflected in "a basic weakness in the educational system." Edu*cational starvation over the years* has deprived primary and secondary schools of qualified teachers. *In the schools in the West Bank* 3,244 teachers — 55.3 per cent of the total — are unqualified. *The majority (71%) of heads of* secondary schools are not fully qualified. "It will be impossible to improve the educational system without a gradual imposition of strict academic qualifications for teachers," concludes the study.

THE BETHLEHEM initiative has the stamp of originality and freshness, in spite of this sombre background. One of Bethlehem's undergraduates spoke of "new and wide hopes opened up for his people by the simple presence of a university in their midst." And in less sophisticated terms one of Bethlehem's worthies said, "We must qualify young people to help the community to live and continue living."

The aim is to give the individual student steady, long-term training of degree standard in the academic disciplines. But direct "occupational benefit" for the individual graduate is only one aspect. Young people find their own identity in a university setting: a nation similarly needs a university to discover itself, and a developing nation can never mature without the nourishment of its own university.

While the new university has the usual programmes of arts, science and technology, it is basically an Arabic university. The language of instruction is Arabic. The study of local Palestinian history, folklore, and culture and the wider Arabic culture is also a feature of the programmes. These subjects are not yet *taught* in schools, but under the impetus of the University's research programmes, *they may eventually* become part of the general educational curriculum in the area.

BECAUSE OF Bethlehem's international character, the University *is also stressing the mastery of* a multi-language proficiency among the students; and since *one of the principal developing* industries of the area is tourism, it has also started courses in *hotel management*, and business administration. Agricultural courses are planned for the near future, when finances become available, and land can be acquired from some of the large holdings of the Church groups in the area.

Even in the present early stages of development, the University recognizes the importance of reaching out to the adult population. In conversations with the local community it has been repeatedly suggested that appropriate courses for adults be offered. These are planned to touch ordinary life: to improve Bethlehem's traditional arts and crafts industries and to improve "home making." The University has already embarked on an extensive teacher-training programme to improve *the standards of local schools.*

Bethlehem people, with their cautious wisdom, view the University with a "seasoned optimism." Recently the staff visited one of the notables to thank him for his cooperation. "Do not thank us," he replied. "We thank you, you have opened up new horizons, and you have made it possible for us to keep one's children at home."

One of the students, caught like many between the choice of home or abroad, said, "Travel makes a man — because you are on your own." But as regards studies he said you can get here in Bethlehem what you get abroad, besides which "the students feel *that it is Arab, for this reason* we feel doubly at home."

Loyalty to a pioneering project *was evident among the students.* In the beginning they were apprehensive. They themselves had *only* a vague idea of what a university is and they were afraid, too, that it would not last. One student, after three months work on his hotel management course, answered his friends' teasing by bringing them into the classrooms, introducing them to the staff and showing them the department.

"That changed their ideas," he said. "And next year, you will see how the applications come tumbling in."

One idea that seems to have got across very quickly to the student body is that the University is their own. The student council participates with the administration in decision making, and there is close contact between the students and the faculty.

"They sit with us in the garden, in the cafeteria, they give us the opportunity to talk with them," say the students, "and this a big thing for us." Compared to other universities, where professors tend to be in splendid isolation from the undergraduate, the faculty in Bethlehem "help us a lot, and are with us, even in our sufferings."

As a result there has already been a noticeable change in the *style and feel of life in the Uni*versity. In those first hard days in face of opposition from many quarters — *religious and political* among them — the students felt uneasy. Now, they say, they feel *confident: they are determined to* make it continue, and to make it succeed, and rival any university *abroad. "It is ours, now and for* the future, and it has been well received by our people."

THE MAJORITY of the students are from Bethlehem, because no residential *accommodation is* available as yet. But when I asked the Brothers in charge of student *affairs about religious origins, he* said there was no breakdown of Christians, Moslems, or of the *Church affiliation of the students.* Acceptance was based purely on suitability for academic training, *and the application forms contain*ed no questions about religion. The University is equally open to Arabs of Moslem, Catholic, Protestant or Orthodox background. At the request of some Churches a survey had been made during the past week. Nine of the staff were found to be Christians, six Moslems; the student body was 60 per cent Christian, 40 per cent Moslem, reflecting the composition of the Bethlehem area rather than of the whole West Bank.

The implied stand of the University shows an interesting new approach. The Apostolic Delegate, who initiated the venture, and the staff, insist on facing the religious question squarely. Religion in the West Bank is a sensitive matter. Christians, because of their small numbers, may feel isolated; Moslems find it equally difficult to take an objective attitude towards religious influence in a university.

The Apostolic Delegate insisted that it is a "regional" not a denominational university: it is there to help people without distinction. The fact that Brothers of the Christian Schools have such a long tradition in education in the Holy Land has made this much easier. Moslems trained by the Brothers in their schools "generously sympathize with our aims, realizing that the Brothers will never attempt to compromise *these religious principles.*"

Perhaps more difficult however, is the political face of the University. Bethlehem is in something of a "limbo" situation under Israeli rule. Israeli initiatives to *start* a "West Bank University" were therefore viewed with suspicion, and Arab attempts were not *trusted* either. The courageous start in Bethlehem by an outside body was the only solution. The University *is commit*ted, radically and unflinchingly, to the welfare and *development* of the people. It has expressed its "political stance" as follows:

"The University is *rigorously* neutral in politics, as we realize that this is the only way we can maintain the confidence of all segments of the community. Students are not restricted in maintaining their own opinions, but demonstrations or overt political acts are not allowed on campus.

"The University will have to be an impartial institution, independent of factions, in order to function effectively. The interest of the Holy See and the traditional reputation of the Brothers constitute the absolute guarantees that this is possible."

The University authorities look at the political future from this single-minded educational point of view. "Whatever the eventual settlement, the pressing demand for educational progress will remain."

In the field of modern-style leadership which grows in emergent nations parallel to traditional leaders, university training has a special role.

"Leadership of this kind," according to Bethlehem University, "has not evolved in the areas because the natural elite have scattered to all corners of the world for their education and usually did not return." One of the West Bank intellectuals, speaking *of the community impact of the* University, said, "A society rediscovering itself has an urgent *need for a university.*"

The unsettled sovereignty of the West Bank deters the national *funding agencies from helping the* University with the money it needs so badly. The vast majority *of grants from the U.S., for ex*ample, are not available for "occupied areas." This means that *institutions like Bethlehem, re*quiring immediate aid, tend to receive least official financial *backing. Bethlehem so far has* depended on the German Catholic hierarchy for capital expenses and the Pontifical Mission for running expenses. The future of the University depends on this continued support and on the conviction that funds for education are a "neutral" way of offsetting the imbalance of development.

For the expansion of premises, the opening of technological and agricultural branches, and the solution to accommodation problems, the authorities are consulting the local Arab communities. Committees have already been formed in Bethlehem, Jerusalem and elsewhere.

On the one hand, says a University spokesman, "the University will not prosper until the Arab community finally supports the project financially." On the other hand, "it will take a good public relations programme to develop that widespread interest."

Students spoke in their own way of bridging gaps. "We get to know one another, from the towns and villages, from all classes. This helps us to understand the mentality and to get a full knowledge of our country and people."

In their minds, a new society means "a good educated society." There is a bit of socialism in the idea, because they see the University as a leveller of social classes, and an enriching experience of pooling the best of all. There is, too, an optimism that the new society will be created and strengthened and receive an outward dimension: "We must prepare ourselves inside, then we can spread and change some things."

When a nation, country or cultural group acquires its own university, a kind of milestone is reached. Cultural dependence becomes cultural equality and the human potential can begin to grow into a maturity that is at once true *to its own* background and competitive on an international standard. Bethlehem University can, if it succeeds, be that milestone in development for the Arab people of the West Bank.

LAISSEZ-FAIRE LAISSEZ-ALLER

Pinhas Sapir is not expected to continue as Finance Minister in a new Cabinet. But the paternalistic economic system which has come to be associated with his name — "Sapirism" — is likely to continue for some time. This, argues DAVID KRIVINE, is cause for concern and requires remedial action.

(Barbyrne/Rahmani)

ON THE NIGHT when a Mapai delegation was urging Pinhas Sapir only a few weeks ago to become *Primo Minister*, a group of shock-headed youngsters paraded outside the Treasury building in Jerusalem with a banner saying: "Not Sapir — Father of the System."

If a new government is installed and Sapir leaves the Finance Ministry, as he has offered to do more than once, it will be the end of an economic era dominated by two men and one system. The two men are the late Levi Eshkol, and Sapir himself. The system has come to be called Sapirism.

But will it fade under another Finance Minister? The Eshkol-Sapir order has constantly been reviled, yet has never been changed over a whole generation in the nation's life. It is paternalistic. It doles out benefits, and the donor is the Treasury. The way to make money in Israel, critics say, is not to cut costs or raise productivity; it is to dance attendance on the "Kremlin" in Tel Aviv (where Sapir sits), and on the Palace Building in the capital (*headquarters* of the Ministry of Commerce and Industry).

THE ORIGINS of the system lie in the historical past, when the *Jewish community in Palestine* was diminutive, and its finance came from big donors living overseas. *Eshkol and Sapir were* masters at coaxing ever-increasing contributions to bolster a *rapidly growing infant economy.*

To this day, Israel does not have a proper capital market. The kind of money that businessmen in other countries seek from commercial banks, merchant banks, insurance companies, building societies, pension funds and private investors, is sought in Israel from the Exchequer.

One reason is that Israel still remains a small, immature economy, yet has towering financial needs — for the absorption of immigrants, for defence, and for maintaining a rapid improvement in living standards. There is only one agency that can find soft loans on a large scale in the international market — the Government. It profits from the sympathy of lenders overseas for Israel's cause (so can sell bonds at 4 and 4.5 per cent interest); and it enjoys a high reputation as a creditor, thanks to the tradition that Eshkol created of paying every debt in full and on the nail, no matter what other needs had to be faced.

But that is not the whole story. The Government also controls sources of finance inside the country. Pension and insurance funds, and even the banks, are compelled to place most of their investment money with the Treasury, so that Sapir controls not only foreign borrowings, but local borrowings, too. Why do august and wealthy bodies allow their financial independence to be limited in this way?

Here lies the true explanation of Sapirism: they cannot help themselves. They cannot manage without the support of the authorities. They welcome the Treasury's intrusion into their affairs.

For Israel's financial system cannot work unaided. There is a holdup: it is *inflation.*

INFLATION exists in other modern, technocratic *democracies*, but not (at least up to now) on such a chronic scale as in Israel. To borrow funds on commercial terms is expensive here, because the value of the currency is constantly being eroded by the soaring price index. If industrial firms had to pay the market rate for their capital, there would be little investment, taking into account the uncertainties of doing business in a still unsophisticated economy which is also exposed to the risks of war.

Financial institutions are grateful to the Government for paying them a better return (linked to the index)than they could get in the open market; while the Government in its turn can lend the money cheaply (unlinked) because it does not mind carrying the loss.

But why does not the Government give the subsidies directly to the pension and insurance institutions, and let them lend the money as they choose? It cannot, because no compromise is possible between two alternative systems. Either there is a free market, where loans go to the highest bidder (in which case selection is by price), or there is a subsidized market. If loans are subsidized (that is, not auctioned off at the highest price which the market will bear), then the subsidizing agency has to select, on a basis of merit, who rates a subsidy and who does not.

The Government will not subsidize, let us say, loans for the construction of a night club, or the purchase of luxury apartments. It will give its "directed credit" to enterprises that serve the national purpose, by producing exports, or giving employment in the development areas, or fostering tourism, or manufacturing substitutes for goods hitherto imported. That is why the Great Subsidizer has to become also *the Great Lender. The* Government is Israel's national development bank. It is the only *institution that can afford to* borrow dear and lend (for selected purposes) cheap.

Sapirism, therefore, is a by-product of chronic inflation. If there were no inflation, the intermediary role would not be necessary; or at least the Government's part in guiding investment would be considerably reduced. *Inflation* distorts priorities in the economy. It increases purchasing-power in the local *market* at the *expense* of exports. It augments consumption at the expense of savings and *investments. It favours the ser*vices sector at the expense of the industrial sector. It boosts the production of luxuries at the expense of essentials.

It, in fact, destroys the function of the price system *in en*suring a rational allocation of resources. Were there no inflation, the Government would still have to use its fiscal powers for evening out disparties of income.

But it would not have to control the entire allocation of capital. The capital market would do that, through the mechanism of supply and demand.

Who, then, is responsible for this inflation? Strictly speaking Sapir, and he is unpopular for that. But he is still more unpopular for his unremitting efforts to halt inflation; which shows how unrewarding it is to be Finance Minister — as Ze'ev Sharef pointed out during his short tenure in that post.

There are some causes of inflation that no one can control — fluctuations in import prices, the need to house immigrants, the cost of defence. There are other causes of inflation which *can be controlled. But in a de*mocratic society, that is something which requires a measure *of self-control by the population* at large, through its various representative organizations.

EVERY ATTEMPT by Sapir to disinflate is made against a welter of opposition — from those very agencies which now declaim against "the system." Professional men are outraged that they are required to record fictional car and other expenses in order to gain tax-free allowances. But their representatives extracted these very concessions by force from Sapir himself. Journalists who have paced the corridors of the Treasury late at night during stormy wage negotiations will bear witness to the efforts made by the Finance Minister and his advisers to resist the demands of the union leaders. If the unions settled for a whole series of "special" permitted allowances, it *is not be*cause Sapir welcomed such an arrangement, but because it was *the only way to avoid a chain*reaction of competing wage claims. (Even that pause did not last *long; soon there was a chain*reaction of competing allowance claims.)

It would be possible to take the easy way, and deflate demand in the economy as a whole by slowing down economic activity. To make any impact on inflation, this would have to reach the point where jobs are hard to come by, and the number of unemployed increases. It would make life difficult for soldiers returning from the hardships of military service. It would handicap new immigrants trying to find a place in the Israel economy. It would cause discontent in development towns like Kiryat Shmona, that are still in the making and have as yet little to offer, other than full employment.

THE SYSTEM, in fact, is a vicious circle, from which there is for the present no escape. No rival for the Treasury portfolio has shown any inclination to tussle with the unions over incomes policy. The Likud is, if anything, more demagogic in its *labour programme* than Mapam. No one in politics advocates reducing the volume of social *housing.*

No one urges the bankruptcy of farms and factories that fail to be optimally efficient, because no one is willing to generate even marginal unemployment. Again, journalists have seen worker delegations from the bankrupt firm Autocars — a company that should have been liquidated long ago — appearing piteously before the Knesset Economic Committee, which was headed at the time by a member of right-wing Gahal. Neither Gahal nor any other faction on *that committee concluded that the* men should be put on the street, even though other factories were *crying out for labour.*

Israel is wedded to the paternalistic system whereby benefits (*whether business credits or wage* increases) are distributed, not left to the impersonal interplay of market *forces. That leads back* to the question, who does the distributing?

IF SAPIR has too big a say, not only he must be held responsible. Under the principles of Cabinet responsibility and the sovereignty of the Knesset, he can do nothing without their authorization and approval. If he gives a loan to a plywood factory or a local authority, it is as though the entire Cabinet underwrote the transaction. (The Cabinet has a special subsidiary body to examine these matters, the Ministerial Economic Committee.) All loan guarantees have to be ratified by the Knesset Finance Committee. There are rules and criteria for allocating *public funds*, and if they are not observed, the State Comptroller is enjoined to inform the Knesset *and the public about it.*

Therefore, if Sapir is influenced in exercising his financial powers by the *need to grant* political favours, he does it with the knowledge and connivance of the entire political hierarchy within which he operates.

It is unlikely that any other tenant of his post would conduct himself differently. The system is there, whoever holds office.

And some thoughtful people approve of it. Asher Yadlin, who for many years headed the Histadrut's enterprises, believes that Israel could not have grown at such a dynamic pace under a more conventional leadership. Dan Tolkovsky, head of Discount Bank Investments, implied the same thing when addressing the General Assembly of the Manufacturers Association last month. He deplored recommendations by well-meaning economists to restore the undiluted market system. Israel's industry has grown *at an abnormally rapid pace dur*ing the last 15 years. If this is to continue, he said (and it *must, for political and other* reasons), the policy of selective aids and incentives that made it possible must *on no account* be jettisoned.

There are, it may be said, arguments for and against Sapirism. But one thing should be clear. What opponents of the system are crying out against is the concentration of power in the hands of the Government, not in the hands of Sapir. The only alternative would be to diminish the role of the administration in business life. Either the Government (that is, the Treasury and its agencies) chooses who merits a loan, or the decision must be left to the forces of supply and demand in the credit market.

The Government could deposit all receipts from Israel Bond sales in the banks and leave them to do the lending. It could stop borrowing from the local financial institutions and let them do their own investing. But whether that would constitute an improvement is an academic question. For it is not feasible under present conditions. The system cannot be dropped as long as the Treasury has to go on sub*sidizing credit.*

In other words, Sapirism will only stop when inflation stops. And no political party in Israel (or popular protest group) has a programme to achieve that objective.

New pioneers of the desert

The area between the Dead Sea and the tip of the Gulf of Eilat may look bleak and uninviting, but several groups of Jewish pioneers have struck roots in the wilderness, and SRAYA SHAPIRO has just visited a number of the settlements. Photos by M. Dekel.

ON THE GOLDEN shore of Di-Zahav, just north of Sharm, Dutch blondes bathe in the sun. An old Beduin materializes out of thin air with a saddled camel, ready for the camera-prone tourist. A macadamized parking lot denotes civilization. The sea is a shining ultramarine striped with turquoise. The mountains are purple, or dun, depending on the hour of day. And the wind never dies.

"Sometimes, it blows 16 knots," Shlomo R'em, his hair dishevelled, asserts proudly. Shlomo is proud of everything that is Di-Zahav. His childhood was spent in Kiryat Malachi when it was a dismal *ma'abara*. Four years in kibbutz Afikim and service in the army have made him a man of decision. He and some friends from Kiryat Malachi formed a group which intended to settle in the Golan, but "one of us served as a reservist in Di-Zahav and reported on its glory. We made a trip here and were enchanted."

For eighteen months the settlers lived in Di-Zahav "unofficially," unrecognized by the Ministerial Committee on Settlement, but helped by the Independent Liberal Party (to which they belong) and the Zionist Organization.

"At first, we were practically all *ma'abara* children, whose parents came from North Africa. Today we have absorbed people from England, America, a Rumanian, some Israeli *vasvusim* (a Sephardi term for Ashkenazim).

"The number of our registered members is four times what we are here, but they are waiting for their houses to be completed."

Meanwhile, the population is growing steadily with the arrival of children: of the 21 cared for by girl soldiers in the children's quarters, six have been born in the two-and-a-half years since their parents came to Di-Zahav.

But before permanent houses are erected for the settlers, buildings are going up to provide facilities for paying guests. When it is completed, the tourist camp will have 500 beds in bungalows and one-storey houses. The joy of seclusion from the outside world is supplemented by deep-sea diving and an occasional trip into the Sinai mountains in Di-Zahav's special command-cars.

"In wartime," Shlomo smiles, "we found a different use for those cars: chasing Egyptian commandos."

NEVIOT (Nueiba), halfway between here and Eilat, also lives on tourists and tomatoes; but the climate, both physical and moral, is completely different. Neviot does not suffer from winds; but water, every year or so, may become a danger. A rain-swollen stream gushes down between the rocks to the west, crushing everything in its course. Within eight hours on one day last winter, an estimated 20m. cu. metres of water poured into the sea.

By building a dam, the catastrophe could be stemmed and the water directed to the fields.

"Most of the water would be wasted in the sea, of course," says Binyamin Hofshi, of the Zionist Organization's Planning Department, "but a great deal would soak into the undersoil. The flow would no longer endanger man-made installations, and it would also be possible to pump a million cubic metres underground — which means the possibility of establishing another village in the area."

Meanwhile, Neviotites grow vegetables on salty water (eight tons of tomatoes per dunam) and experiment with mango and papaya. But their main asset is the sea. They rent 50 rooms to regular tourists, and sell cold drinks and icecream to a host of hippies who squat on a stretch of seashore assigned to them. The hippies speak French, American, Swedish or Hebrew. Long-haired, they usually wear little but bathing trunks, though one blonde, bearded figure, who was flirting in Americanese with girls in skimpy swimsuits, had donned a long striped Oriental gown. Another silently cast an angling rod from the wooden jetty from which a glass-bottomed boat takes tourists to the coral beds. An artistically-inclined member of Neviot has build a concrete monster on the beach to alleviate the monotony of the sand, but the ball-playing bathers seem to have little interest in art.

THE TOURIST TOUCH disappears north of Eilat. The high mountains of Moab loom greyish in the mist in the morning and purple in the late afternoon. The flat valley has rocky soil which has to be covered with sand, quarried from the dunes near the Arava stream. Vegetable seeds are sown in deep furrows and irrigated from perforate pipes — "a sort of hydroponics," says Mr. Hofshi. Tomatoes and cucumbers fetch good prices on the northern markets.

Yotvata and Eilat have big dairy farms, too, Paran, midway between Eilat and the Dead Sea, also wants to experiment with milch cows. Though the Jewish Agency experts are doubtful about this project, the place being far from any urban, produce-consuming community, they have approved the purchase of a small number of Canadian cows. The experts have learned from experience that energetic settlers may turn into a profitable branch some activity which looks less than promising on the draughtsman's table.

Turkeys are believed to be the future backbone of Arava livestock. In Hatseva, in the north, they have proved a boon. A nuisance, too. Hatseva is a moshav, whose members preferred to have their fowl near their homes.

"But at midday all air movement dies in this part of world, and the turkeys to refresh themselves beat their wings," explains stocky Leibele Schwartz, Galilee-born Hatseva moshavnik. The uproar the birds make with their wing-beating is supplemented by the dust raised in the process. "Result: nobody can get a rest during the hot season — which means practically all the year round."

To fight this ecological hazard, the Jewish Agency planners propose to move the turkeys to a special "turkey town" beyond the living quarters.

DRIVING NORTH to Eilat, one perceives to the west, south of Paran, a wind-wheel atop a steel scaffolding. The purpose of this contraption is to pump water for the wild animals living in the nearby nature reserve. The wind-pump was imported from Australia at the cost of IL50,000. In due course, several more will be installed. The amount of water they bring up to the surface is small, but it is sufficient to quench the thirst of the animals. Antelopes are the most prominent inhabitants of this nature reserve, but Mr. Hofshi swears to seeing three plump wolves south of Wadi Ramon.

Though the Arava looks uniformally bleak to the hurrying driver, it is in fact full of surprising variations, one of which is the sharp differences in temperature. The settlers of Paran have learned from bitter experience that cold spells can ruin the whole of a vegetable crop in a few nights. Next season they are going to try hothouses.

Where the winds are strong, acacias have to be planted as windshields before agriculture proper can be embarked on. At other points, artificially created air currents are to be tried.

In the Gulf of Eilat, the fishermen say everything they learned in the Mediterranean is useless because of the different sea population. Instead of dragging a net and catching a host of inedible tropical fish, the fishermen of Di-Zahav, for instance, try underwater traps using bread as bait. Fish that consume bread are usually edible.

MORE VARIEGATED than the soil and the fauna, however, are the men of the Arava. It takes a special sort of person to live happily in the sultry valley, under a scorching sun, where a patch of green in the dun, flat soil cries out "Life!" louder than a shell-burst.

In Hatseva, Leibele, the Galilee-born realist, knows the priorities: for over a year, the settlers were not permitted to grow a flower near their homes, in order to save water for more important purposes.

Menahem Barkan, scion of a family of pioneers from the Emek, wants new members in Paran to be recruited individually, after year-long tests, including a graphologist's opinion.

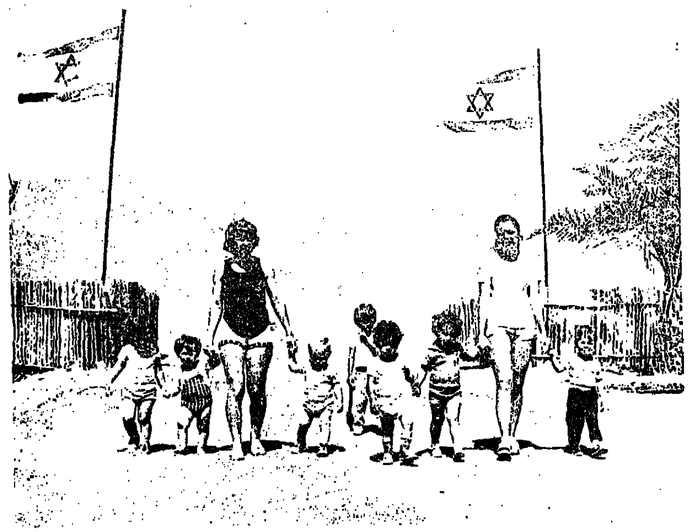
In Ktura, the vernacular language is English with an American accent: the settlers come from the Young Judea movement in the United States. They settled in Ktura in November of last year, but the first group of 15 promoters spent a year in 1971 studying Israeli conditions. Hillel Salomon, who hails from the West Coast, is sure more Young Judeans are coming to join them. Ktura will have a dairy farm, a vegetable field — and a big library, which will serve as a cultural centre for the whole area.

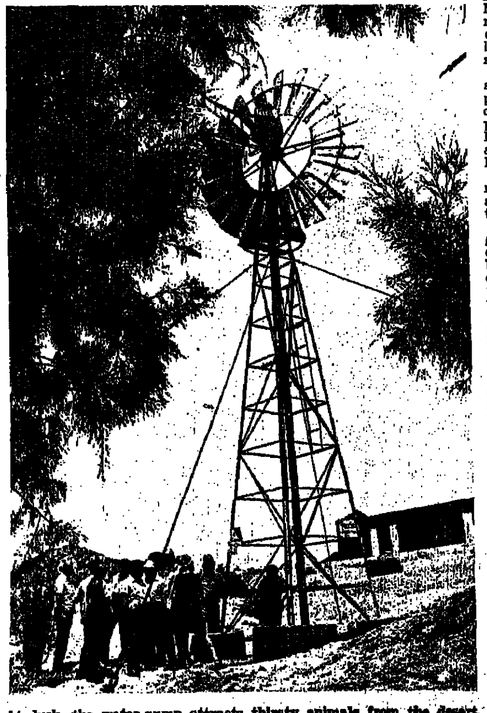
"We want to share the benefits of the learning that most members have acquired in American universities," said Peggy, a young settler.

In Neviot, on the Gulf of Eilat, the springy *fellah* Uri Fuchs, and the moustachioed Moshe Ron (who runs the guest house), as well as most members, are townfolk who felt they had had enough of the city.

But perhaps most remarkable of all are the people of Di-Zahav. They are inventive, industrious, undaunted. They are the twin brothers of those who stage demonstrations and break furniture and claim free benefits for Black Panthers. Here they build. Asked what they will do if political circumstances force Israel back from Di-Zahav, they shrug a shoulder: "That's something for the politicians to settle. We stay here."

What hampers development is the lack not of men, but of housing. In Ktura, where the settlers occupy the buildings left by a Nahal unit, they must wait eighteen months for the completion of the first 30 permanent houses. Eighteen months — a century!





At dusk, the water-pump attracts thirsty animals from the desert.

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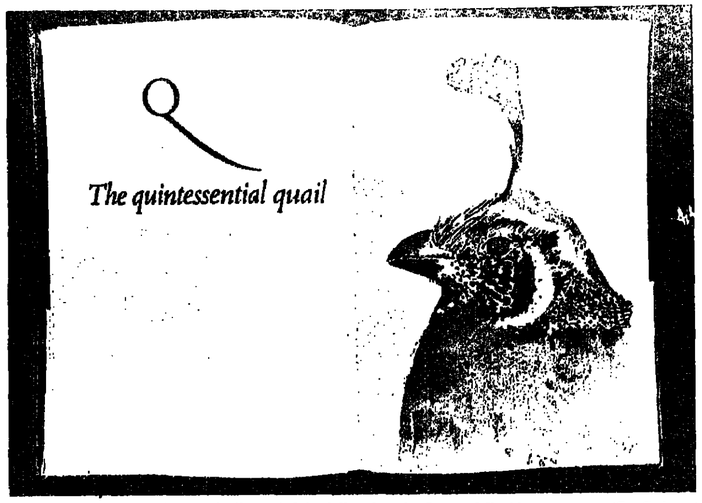


Spread from "Hosie's Alphabet," illustrated in full colour by Leonard Baskin. (Zev Radovan)

The well-made book

Alex Berlyne

ONE WAY of keeping me quiet on my visits to my grandma's was to sit me on a prickly horse-hair sofa and give me a book to look at — not to read, as I hadn't mastered the alphabet yet. It was always the same book; in fact it was the only one she had, apart from prayer-books. There were many engraved illustrations of ladies and gentlemen in 18th-century dress, the plates interleaved with tissue paper to protect them. It was a well-made book and I must have been "imprinted" like one of Konrad Lorenz' baby geese, for I've been buying more than I can afford ever since.

Last week I was off like a shot to see the exhibition at the Israel Museum Library of "Fifty Books of the Year 1972" chosen by the American Institute of Graphic Arts and laid out for our delectation by the U.S. Cultural Centre. If you, too, have the bug, you'd better get over there and enjoy browsing among as handsome a collection as you're likely to see in a long while.

At a previous AIGA show, August Heckscher had complained, "Books used to be made, today they are designed." His words seem to have been taken to heart, and this year's committee chairman, Sheldon Cotler, art director of Time-Life Books, has assembled a collection of books well printed on good stock and bound by craftsmen with tender, loving care. He knows what he's up to, as is evidenced by the one Time-Life product on show, "The Cowboys," which is a joy to behold. Bound in embossed and hand-rubbed leather-cloth, inspired by Western saddles, the book is beautifully produced, with text and pictures *splendidly complementing* each other.

I hope you won't dawdle too long over Alex Comfort's "The Joys of Sex," but give sufficient time to the other 48 volumes in this section.

A second group in the show is composed of books from American university presses. There is some *unevenness* of quality here—one example has hardly any margin above the running-heads (rather like a beetle-browed villain from Central Casting) while another, though set "unjustified right," has many words broken and hyphenated. See if you can spot them. The most impressive part of this section is called "Beauty of Economy," which proves that a book can be well-made and yet cut costs in every stage of its *production — a point our own* publishers would do well to ponder. Oh, they understand the economy part well enough, but haven't the foggiest idea how to triumph within these limitations.

I'VE BEEN SAVING the best part of the whole show to the end. The third section displays 100 of the best children's books produced in America during 1971-72. The illustrations are a joy to behold. There is work by Antonio Frasconi, Seymour Chwast and Milton Glaser (whose Pushpin Studio consistently produces de*signs of the highest quality*), Leo Lionni, Tomi Ungerer, Leonard Baskin and the rather macabre Maurice Sendak, who wrote and designed Harper and Row's "In the Night Kitchen."

Sendak's work runs against the grain of modern children's book illustration. Instead of being brightly coloured and cheerful, it is intended to make the flesh creep deliciously. In this respect he is the direct descendant of my *all-time favourite, Arthur Rack*ham. This Edwardian Englishman's work is currently being reissued by Heinemann and, not long ago, I snatched up a collection which had just that moment appeared on the shelves of a bookshop in East Jerusalem's Salah-e-Din Street. Rackham's gnarled, twisted line, combined with "a kind of moth-wing range of soft browns and grays, with occasional silvery gossamer effects," to use Selma Lane's apt description, was perfectly suited to the world of witches, elves, goblins "and things that go thump in the night" which *he created. Rackham's peculiar* gift was that he could make fantasy immediately believable. His wizened and twisted creations are imbued with a strange life of their own.

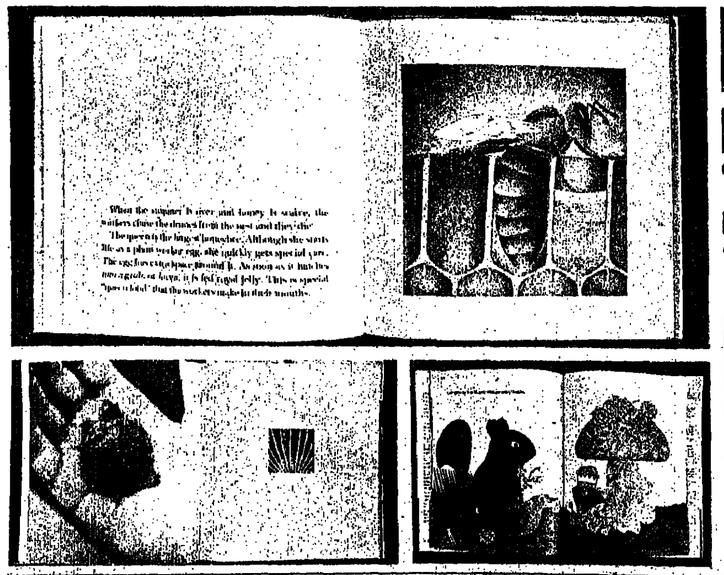
I'm longing to see reissues of other classics. There was Mrs. Burnett's "The Secret Garden," and "Little Lord Fauntleroy" illustrated by Reginald Birch. The Earl in Birch's illustrations bears an uncanny resemblance to the old MGM standby C. Aubrey Smith, who played him in the 1936 movie — or maybe it should be the other way round. Andrew Lang's "coloured" fairy books were bound in smooth cloth, heavily blocked and gilded, while Edmund Dulac's illustrations to the "Arabian Nights" and other books are among the gentlest, prettiest *watercolours ever made.*

One classic which is fortunately never allowed to go out of print is Beatrix Potter's immortal series of animal tales — "Peter Rabbit" (which recently inspired a ballet and a film), "Squirrel Nutkin," "Jemima Puddleduck," "The Tailor of Gloucester" and the rest. For over 70 years now, these books, in their original tiny format, with exquisite illustrations by the author facing only one or *two sentences of large-type text,* have been foundation volumes in the library of every properly brought up English child.

There are about half-a-dozen versions of "Treasure Island" alone which deserve introducing to a new generation of readers. The marvellous Stevenson text "which holds children from play and old men from the chimney-corner" has been well served by first-rate illustrators. Oddly enough, the first edition of 1883 only had a map. Later, N.C. Wyeth, the father of the American painter, produced some first-rate, *action-packed pictures;* and a good British contestant for the honours was Wal Paget, the brother of the man who delineated Sherlock Holmes for all time. Rowland Hilder most closely followed the text and his "Hispaniola" is truly a topsail schooner, unlike all the rest. The most horrid, wicked pirates were undoubtedly created by Mervyn Peake in his illustrations to a 1949 edition. At any rate, they gave me goose-*flesh when I saw* them.

If any enterprising publisher takes my words to heart, I'll buy *the lot and a horse-hair sofa as* well.

Illustration by Mel Furukawa. (Below) Design by Tana Hoban and illustration by Leo Lionni. (Radovan)



Arthur Rackham's "Rip Van Winkle" appeared in 1905.

Jews of Jerusalem Eternal

Jewish Sephardi family in Jerusalem. (About 1880)

ISHIM BE'IR HANEZAH אישים בעיר הנצח (Personalities in the Eternal City) by Avraham B. Rivlin. Tel Aviv, Alef. 134 pp.

Leah Abramowitz

WITH THE renovation, reconstruction and repopulation of the Jerusalem Old City's Jewish Quartor in the last five years, there has been a revived interest in the history of Jerusalem. The fact that where so-and-so now lives was once the home of the "Or Hahayim" (Rabbi Haim ben Attar, 18th-century scholar of *North African origin*) or that the lane we are walking through to pick up a bargain in the market was traversed by the Perushim *(disciples* of the Gaon of Vilna who settled here from the late 18th-century on) fires the imagination and whets the appetite to know more about our forerunners here. Many books have appeared describing people and periods of Jerusalem history. One of the latest is the book under review, which contains 14 brief *biographical sketches of key* individuals from different ages who made significant contributions to Jewish settlement in Jerusalem.

Perhaps the greatest contribution of such works is, as the late David Ben-Gurion wrote in an introduction to the book, the fact that they make it possible for our youth to "know that Israel's establishment did not begin with the declaration of the State." This book, and all the others of its genre, are a good reminder that there were always Jews living here and that there was always at least a trickle of aliya to Eretz Yisrael — sometimes even a signi*ficant stream.*

Continual recorded Jewish settlement in Jerusalem in our millenium begins with the aliya of Rabbi Moses ben Nahman (Ramban or Nahmanides), the philosopher and Bible commentator, who came here from Spain in 1267 and established the synagogue that bears his name exactly 700 years before its rediscovery in 1967.

The country's general desolation and neglect proved to him, as he *wrote back to his son,* that "our land does not accept our enemies... Since the time we left it has accepted no other nation or language; all try to settle it but never succeed."

IN 1488 RABBI OVADIAH of Bertinoro (Italy), author of the commentary on the Mishna, came on aliya and rebuilt a flourishing Jewish community in Jerusalem. Rabbi Ovadiah saw his initial community of 70 Jews grow to one of 300 families.

In 1621 Rabbi Yeshayahu Halevi Ish-Horowitz, otherwise known as "the Shelah" (an acrostic of his most famous book, "Shnay Luhot Habrit") came here from Prague. The city's Turkish Governor was a tyrant who persecuted the Jews without end and extorted huge sums of money from them. Rabbi Yeshayahu and other rabbis were imprisoned, tortured and starved until a heavy ransom was raised. After his release Rabbi Yeshayahu moved to Tiberias where he died.

The above-mentioned Or Hahayim (Rabbi Hayim ben Attar) arrived in 1742 from Morocco and founded the synagogue which bears the name by which he is known, the title of his best-known work. Rabbi Shalom Sharabi, the Yemenite poet and Kabbalist, came in the middle of the 18th century and passed as a simple caretaker of the Beit El Synagogue and school until his erudition was discovered. He eventually succeeded the founder, Rabbi Gedalyahu Hayun, as leader of that Kabbala centre, whose students and teachers included the best Ashkenazi and Sephardi scholars of that age.

The story of the early Perushim (followers of the Gaon of Vilna) is vividly portrayed. (The author himself is a descendant of one of their leaders, Rabbi Hillel Rivlin.) The Gaon's disciples founded a "Zionist" organization, Hazon Zion (Vision of Zion), which held an international congress in 1806. It spread "Zionist" publicity and organized several waves of aliya from 1807 (this was after followers of both the Gaon and of the founder of Hassidism, Rabbi Yisrael Baal Shem Tov, had been coming here for several decades, settling mainly in Jerusalem, Hebron, Safed and Tiberias). In 1807 a group of Perushim set out for Eretz Yisrael, and after a series of narrow escapes from pirates, storms, robbers, hunger and plague, 70 of them arrived and settled in Safed. In 1812 some of them moved to Jerusalem. As the city's Ashkenazi Jews were in ill repute, because of the debts incurred by the followers of Rabbi Yehuda Hehassid whose attempt to form a community in *Jerusalem failed a century early,* those newcomers adopted the dress of the Sephardi Jews. Eventually, a group of Hassidic Jews, followers of Rabbi Yisrael of Ruzhin — led by Yisrael Bak and his son Nissan — rebuilt the synagogue that had been begun by Rabbi Yehuda — the synagogue that became known as the Tiferet Yisrael Synagogue or the Nissan Bak Synagogue, or, more popularly, the Hurva (Ruin) of Rabbi Yehuda Hehassid. This was the *centre of Jerusalem's Ashkenazi* communal life for nearly 80 years until it was wantonly destroyed by the Jordanians after they captured the Old City in the War of Liberation.

THE LEADER of the second wave of Ashkenazi Perushim was Rabbi Yisrael of Sklov, who came here in 1909. After enduring 10 months of hardships en route to Eretz Yisrael, he, like the first group of the Vilna Gaon's followers, *settled* in Safed. Poverty, harassment by Turkish officials, lack of livelihood and impossible taxes were such that Rabbi Yisrael was elected to return to Lithuania to try and mobilize support. He stayed there three years and succeeded in raising support that saved the Safed community.

He returned to Eretz Yisrael in 1813, just at the outbreak of a plague which killed hundreds of people, including his own aged parents. He and his *family,* like many others, fled to Jerusalem only to find the plague ravishing the population there, too. His wife died on the way, *four of his children* succumbed and he and his last remaining daughter, Sheindele, were stricken but recovered — after Rabbi Yisrael made a vow to write his book, "Pe'at Hashulhan," containing the first systematic collection of the Mitzvot (Commandments) observed in Eretz Yisrael.

Rabbi Yisrael, as the leader of his community, endured imprisonment by the corrupt Turkish officials as well as constant mental anguish for his poverty-stricken *flock. Before* he died he wrote: "In much suffering, I have been privileged to settle in God's portion these 17 years... I have endured fear, hunger and sword and I have been imprisoned. I have greatly aided and assisted the Land and its people. With all my strength I lead this holy community. I constantly spread the study of Tora among the many and established the foundations of Eretz *Yisrael from within and without.*"

The description of Yehoset Schwartz, one of the first *olim* from Germany in his generation and a graduate of Wurtsburg University, shows us a different kind of settler. A renowned Tora scholar and author of religious works, he also distinguished himself as a geography expert who scientifically recorded many essential facts, statistics, and descriptions of Eretz Yisrael and produced the first modern, *scientific map of the country.* His best known work, "Tevuot Ha'aretz," was published in Hebrew (1845), in German (1852) and in English (1850, translated by Isaac Lesser), the latter during a trip to Philadelphia on behalf of the Sephardi community.

THE CHIEF SPIRITUAL leader of Jerusalem's Ashkenazi community for almost 70 years (from 1841) was Rabbi Shmuel Salant. Many tales of his wisdom, his understanding and profound learning are still related today, but he is particularly remembered for his humility and simplicity. Visitors to the Hurva Synagogue courtyard have been shown a tiny low, dark room in the far left corner once furnished with a simple bed and shaky table. These were Rabbi Shmuel's living quarters all his life.

Once an irate petitioner became angry at Rabbi Shmuel for having decided a case against him, and shouted: "I'll break all the windows in your house!" Rabbi Shmuel, already a frail old man, pulled himself up to his full height and shouted back: "*And do you think I'll let* you get away with it." The man was taken aback and left the house quickly. "What would you have done if he had broken your windows?" some onlookers asked. "I would have called a glazier," the Rabbi said with a sly smile.

Rabbi Shmuel founded the Etz Haim Yeshiva where thousands of young Jerusalemites have been educated. He considered it one of his life's most important projects.

The *Mitzva of living in Eretz Yisrael* was very precious to Rabbi Shmuel. Once his son, Rabbi Binyamin Beinish, left his post as principle lecturer in the Yeshiva for a few days to tour the area around Jericho with a party of Jerusalemites who were seeking land in order to found the first Jewish agricultural settlement (and eventually founded Petah Tikva in 1882). His students were dissatisfied with Rabbi Binyamin's substitute and asked Rabbi Shmuel *to recall his son from* the expedition and find someone else to inspect the prospective sites. Rabbi Shmuel refused, as his son was considered an expert in evaluating land. For support he quoted the *Midrash: "The mitzva of settling* Eretz Yisrael is equal to all the Mitzvot of the Tora and hastens the Redemption."

A delegation of the Hovevei Zion (Lovers of Zion) organization from Russia once approached Rabbi Shmuel to enlist his sponsorship of their movement. In good Ben-Gurion fashion, Rabbi Shmuel asked: "If I recommend your group, will you, the members of this honorable delegation, come to settle in Eretz Yisrael?" "Oh, no," they replied. "We have important businesses, factories, shops, etc. in Russia." Rabbi Shmuel then asked his sexton, Feivel, to take the distinguished guests on a tour of the land, and especially requested that they visit Rabbi Shmuel Menashe, the Rabbi of Hebron. Upon their return, Rabbi Salant asked what their impression was of Rabbi Menashe. They had been favourably impressed. "You have seen the Land," said Rabbi Salant, "and Rabbi Menashe. That man is a great scholar and would certainly lead one of the biggest Jewish communities in Europe. Yet here he is not only the Rabbi of a tiny congregation, but is even the sexton, running around himself in the early morning to round up a minyan (prayer quorum) and performing all the menial tasks required by his congregation. He would not dream of leaving the country... He loves Zion with all his soul and lives in the worst of conditions, happy to be here. Yet you, who talk loftily and don't consider settling in Eretz Yisrael, you call yourselves 'Lovers of Zion'?"

THE BOOK ENDS with three more recent biographical sketches — of Nissim Bechar, the founder of the first religious vocational school in Jerusalem; Yehiel Brill, who founded, edited and wrote much of the first Hebrew newspaper, "Ha*havatzelet;" and Ephraim Cohen*-Reiss, educator and guiding figure behind the German-founded-and-supported Ezra school system, which included the Technion in Haifa. All of these personalities spent time abroad, and were active in the late 19th century and early 20th century. Bechar and Cohen-Reiss were born here. The three had in common their dedication to the Hebrew language and their love of Jerusalem.

The book contains lovely illustrations, one at the head of each chapter, each depicting some Jerusalem scene as it looked a century or more ago.

There are some noteworthy omissions in Rivlin's biographies (Rabbi Avraham Gershon of Kitow, the Baal-Shem-Tov's brother-in-law; Eliezer Bergmann of the Kolel Hod organization of German and Dutch Jews, Rabbi Moses Turjeman and Jacob Turgeman, founders of the Moroccan *community* and occasionally Rivlin is repetitious. In general, very readable, suitable for all ages, and gives a satisfying, though brief, survey of Jerusalem history over a period of 700 years.

English made easy

OXFORD ADVANCED LEARNER'S DICTIONARY OF CURRENT ENGLISH. Edited by A. S. Hornby. London, Oxford University Press. 1055 pp. £2.50.

Fay Lipshitz

THE FOREIGN STUDENT of English may know the dictionary meaning of a word, but be understandably unaware of all the weird and wonderful usages to which it can be put.

How would he know, for instance, that "a horse, besides being the domestic animal with which he is familiar, can also be: dark, of another colour, have the cart put before it, be a type of chestnut, a kind of fly, a measure of power"? Also that a dead one can be flogged to no avail, and that, while you can lead it to water, you can't make it drink.

The same student, but for the dictionary under review, would remain in ignorance that a garbage-can in America is put to the same use as a dustbin in England, and that a baby's nappy in Australia gets just as wet as a diaper in Canada.

The Oxford Advanced Learner's Dictionary of Current English will really help the foreigner to "know his onions." It contains, first of all, *over 100,000 items in a phonetic* transcription, including also American English spellings. Each word is followed by a detailed record of idiomatic expressions, with numerous phrases and examples to illustrate sentence patterns and contexts.

It also functions to some extent as a grammar book, containing as it does a valuable table of verb patterns, to which each verb entry is referred. The foreign student often tends to form sentences incorrectly by analogy, e.g. "Please explain me the meaning" ? and the verb patterns here give guidance.

A special feature which adds to the interest and attractiveness of this dictionary is the use of illustration, in the form of excellent drawings and photographs, to further clarify and enhance the explanations.

The dictionary is followed by a great deal of useful general information — lists of irregular verbs, abbreviations, *affixes,* numerical expressions, weights and measures, geographical names, common English forenames.

Some students may regret the lack of an etymology, and this is the only quibble I have with an otherwise very useful handbook to the English language. For its price and size, it contains an important wealth of information, not only for the foreigner but, certainly, for the native English-speaker too.

هكذا من الأصل

Lesbian eye for genius

CHARMED CIRCLE -- Gertrude Stein & Company, by James R Mellow. London, Phaidon. 528 pp. £3.95.

Helga Dudman

THIS BIG, DETAILED BOOK, with copious notes and bibliography, tells you a great deal about the events and people in Gertrude Stein's life - but makes little attempt to explain the one thing which, perhaps, we all want to know today, since the topic is now very much with us: her Lesbianism. The author, who according to the jacket has been working on Stein's life and work since he graduated from university in 1950, does not skirt the issue, but gives us little clue as to precisely why the daughter of a comfortable American Jewish family, after her own college career at Radcliffe in the mid 1890s (she did not take a degree, but went on to a brief try at medical school at John Hopkins), should from then on go in that direction and no other.

During her long decades in France, with Alice B. Toklas doing the cooking, Gertrude believed that she was doing for literature what her good friend Picasso (who called her a "Fascist" after World War II, which she survived quite nicely in France) was doing for art. It did not turn out that way, and it is interesting to speculate why books have largely survived the "breaking up of forms," while painting and music were profoundly changed. Mr. Mellow does not do this, though his quotations from Gertrude's odd brother Leo are interesting on this point. (Leo liked Picasso's rose and blue periods, hated the later developments.) Mr. Mellow's own style, in fact, is that of the classic biographer — and as such, a monument to Gertrude's failure to succeed in what was most important to her.

Today, outside of the academic world, hardly anyhody reads Gertrude Stein, and our interest in her is confined mostly to her success as an eccentric hostess with an eye for genius. The index reads like a who's who of the great and near-great of those decades — Hemingway, of course, and at length; but also such unexpected names as Joseph Alsop, Dashiell Hammet, and Alfred North Whitehead.

The book is handsomely produced, but errors have crept into some French phrases, and the proofreader has permitted German nouns to appear uncapitalized. The prefatory quotation, from the noted art dealer D.-H. Kahnweller, is well-chosen: "You must understand that we lived in an atmosphere of euphoria, youth and enthusiasm that can hardly be imagined today."

At another level, here is how a very young relative of Gertrude's summed up the odd couple when she and Alice came to America for a visit: "I liked the man, but why did the lady have a moustache?"

Nabokov pins his moths

TRANSPARENT THINGS by Vladimir Nabokov. London, Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 104 pp. £1.75.
A RUSSIAN BEAUTY AND OTHER STORIES by Vladimir Nabokov. London, Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 268 pp. £2.50.

Evelyn Strouse

IF THE TYPICAL Russian writer is distinguished by his passionate attachment to endless conversation and philosophical disquisition, and if he is further distinguished by his descriptive evocation of the national beauty of the Russian countryside, then Vladimir Nabokov is no more Russian than Samuel Beckett. But like Beckett, Nabokov is an emigré writer who explores and possesses with equal profundity his native and his adopted tongues, and whose awareness of the possibilities of whatever language he happens to be using is part of the key to his narrative thrust as well as to his literary style. Although it is unfair to equate the life of the author with the life of his novels, it seems impossible not to find reflected in Nabokov's work the experiences of a man in exile from the age of twenty and the preoccupations of a lepidopterist and a solver of chess problems.

It is said that, when Tolstoy writes of meadows, for instance, he brushes you with the tall grasses and overpowers you with the scent of clover. Less obtrusively and more intellectually, Nabokov brings surroundings alive; he knows every tree by name, each wildflower, and he casually classifies not only the butterflies he has pursued all his life but recondite insects as well. This fingertip awareness is of course a function of lepidoptery, but it serves also to trap the reader into whatever net the lepidopterist-author is casting. Some of the novels, in fact, become travelogues, like *Lolita*, in which Humber Humbert journeys across the United States exactly as Nabokov did in his search for butterflies. *Lolita*, too, is the earliest of Nabokov's novels to use the first person, thus making poor Humbert truly tragic, since Nabokov, in *Speak, Memory*, writes that although all his principal characters are victims, only the narrator, the "I", can be at once victim and victimizer.

One must hypothesize, therefore, that Hugh Person, the protagonist in *Transparent Things*, is the consummate victim and victimizer: he is Person, Everyman, You (Hugh) and I. The title adds weight to this hypothesis; that which is transparent can be seen through and across, revealing secrets, banishing hope, intensifying emptiness. In a critical essay about the novelist Sirin, his own nom-de-plume, Nabokov writes that Sirin's best books are "those which condemn his people to the solitary confinement of their souls." Hugh Person is certainly so condemned. This is why, when he meets his adorable wife to be, Armande Chamar, whose patronymic means a fan of peacock feathers and whose first name is arguably homosexual, we read of Hugh and the "new irresistible person," and we wonder which of them the adjectives describe. Since he later strangles her while they are both tranquilly asleep, and since the novel opens on his return to a certain hotel in an effort to recapture her, the whole effect is of a gauzy butterfly chase ending in the snaring of a perfect specimen, the "fixing," in Nabokov's autobiographical words, of the "perilous magic of nymphs."

Transparent Things is a highly organised, extraordinarily literate parody of life. Nabokov's novels are parodic — "unrealistic" or "unnaturalistic" — because Nabokov believes that the author creates his own reality, that fiction is always a parody of life. Indeed, the archetypal naturalistic novels — *Nana*, *Germinal*, *New Grub Street* — are no truer to actuality than a photograph is true to the texture of skin. Nature and art, says Nabokov, "are games of intricate enchantment and deception," since no artist, however great, could possibly imagine the exquisite torture or the pristine joy of everyday life. Nor does Nabokov take liberties with his own creed. The final sentence but one in *Transparent Things* in effect *rejects* finality: "This is, I believe, it: not the crude anguish of physical death but the incomparable pangs of the mysterious mental manoeuvre needed to pass from one state of being to another."

Early and late Nabokov was aware of this. He wrote *Transparent Things* when he was nearly seventy-five, *A Russian Beauty and Other Stories* when he was in his twenties and thirties. All but one of the stories have been translated by his son Dmitri under the father's watchful eye: all were written while he was living in western Europe; and many have appeared in such American periodicals as *Esquire* and *The New Yorker*. Each of the stories ends without being resolved, so that one has the sense of glimpsing for an illegal moment, a life, a transparency, that is no business of his. I suppose Joyce would call this an epiphany. Although so far as I know nobody compares Nabokov with Chekhov, both have the same insight into dialogue, the unerring knowledge that conversation is monologic, wandering fragmented, because nobody listens to any voice but his own. The conversational aimlessness increases the reader's sense of eavesdropping.

IN MANY of the stories, especially "Solus Rex" and "The Visit to the Museum," Nabokov's devotion to chess is evident, and his characters are moved as cunningly through their affairs as chessmen on a board. The reader is aware of watching a skilful puppeteer: indeed, Nabokov writes that Prince Adulf, in "Solus Rex," is one of his favourite characters "in the private museum of stuffed people that every writer has somewhere on the premises." "The Potato Elf," on the other hand, is not beloved of his creator, perhaps because he is an example of tragedy in that real life Nabokov so sedulously eschews.

But in these stories, far more frequently than in *Transparent Things*, Nabokov compels the reader to identify, reinforces the sense of participation in the life of another. The Russian beauty of

the title story is believably lovely and damned; Ivan Petrovich, the anti-hero of "An Affair of Honour," is wretched and irrelevant and inept, as universally unimportant as his name; the grief of the widower in "Ultima Thule" is evoked for us as poignantly as if we too were bereft. "You were such a darling," thinks the widower, and the reader believes him. Each small tale presents us with a phrase, a portrait, a special circumstance that makes us say involuntarily, "That's right!" And when wit and parody and verbal games take over, we willingly join in the fun. There are many modes of artistic perception, and Nabokov, who has spent a lifetime reading, studying, and remembering, has used his astonishing knowledge to refine and distill his own method. I think that he is our finest writer in English today.

Archetypal gumshoe

Murder most foul

THE GOLDEN COCKATRICE by Gavin Black. London, Collins. 221 pp. £1.80.
MANDARIN-GOLD by James Leasor. London, Heinemann, 252 pp. £2.10.
THE PHILIP MARLOWE BOOKS by Raymond Chandler — **THE LONG GOOD-BYE** (320 pp. 40p.); **THE BIG SLEEP** (220 pp. 35p.); **THE HIGH WINDOW** (221pp. 35p.) **PLAYBACK** (158 pp. 25p.); **FAREWELL, MY LOVELY** (253 pp. 30p.); **THE LITTLE SISTER** (247pp. 35p.). **THE LADY IN THE LAKE** (30p.) — published as a set or separately by Penguin.
DEAD CERT by Dick Francis. Penguin. 238pp. 30p.

Philip Gillon

GAVIN BLACK has made a speciality of Hongkong and Macao, which exist as independent entities only by the grace of their Big Yellow Brother, who can take them over any time he has the whim to do so. Naturally this makes the two islands ideal places for espionage, counter-espionage, double and triple ploys, with a host of murders along the way. Through all these muddied waters Paul Harris, owner of a small shipping line, pursues dividends and the dollar with great intensity of purpose, in the process untangling innumerable plots and scattering corpses hither and thither. This is a very good thriller indeed.

James Leasor's "Mandarin-Gold" is more an old-fashioned adventure story than a thriller: I must confess that I prefer Leasor's Jason Love chasing modern spies to his Robert Gunn forcing the Chinese to buy opium. The history, obviously researched with great care, is more interesting than the improbable narrative, which has been put together in a rather slapdash way.

Penguin has re-issued the Raymond Chandler crime classics in stylish box. Re-reading the Philip Marlowe series, one realises that Marlowe, rather than Mickey Spillane, is the ancestor of our tough private eye thrillers of today, such as those featuring Lew Archer, Mike Shayne, Travis McGee and lesser fry. Marlowe describes himself in one book as a romantic, getting himself shot, sapped, beaten up, hated by police and crooks alike and shut up every now and then in prison cells, for twenty-five dollars a day and expenses. (By the last book, he has raised his fee slightly, an indication of inflation.) Through it all he pursues his own vision of integrity with brains, guts and some of the best wisecracks in fiction. His imitators, like Shayne and McGee, are more mercenary and much softer.

Chandler is at times an awful pain in the neck, writing of Jews, blacks and yellows in a way that would make Richard Nixon blush, but one forgives him his racialism because of the subtlety of his plots, the crispness of his dialogue, and the excitement that gripe the reader by the throat like an outsize thug manhandling Marlowe. All these books are strongly recommended.

Thriller writer, James Leasor.

So, too, is Dick Francis' first thriller, "Dead Cert," in which the steeplechase champion jockey started on a new career of combining mayhem with horse-racing. I understand that Dick Francis, like some good whiskies, is recommended by Her Majesty the Queen of England, and I humbly, with great respect, add my own endorsement.

Frost and Kiryat Shmona

This year America is marking the centenary of the birth of the late American poet, ROBERT FROST. On Sunday, May 12, the U.S. Culture Centre in Jerusalem noted the occasion with a talk by Hebrew University Professor Shalom A. Kohn, a reading and reminiscences of Frost's visit to Israel a little over 10 years ago by Aviva and Sonia Zuckerman, and a showing of the Chet Huntley film, "Robert Frost in Israel." On February 22, 1962, soon after Frost's death, The Jerusalem Post published the following article by ALIZA LEVITZBERG, then a high-school teacher of literature in Kiryat Shmona, reporting a discussion in her class, initiated by the pupils, of Frost's poem, "The Gift Outright," which he read at the late President John F. Kennedy's inauguration in January, 1961. The poem and the discussion have a certain timeliness today, not only — but especially — because of Kiryat Shmona's recent tragic appearance in the world's headlines.

"THERE'S SUCH a lot in the papers now about that American poet who died, you know, Robert Frost," said someone, almost at the end of the weekly period reserved for general problems in Kiryat Shmona's seventh academic form. "What about him?"

It had been an eventful lesson. Not only had we arranged for the Purim celebration, decided which of the parallel classes in the neighbouring kibbutz schools (with which the class entertains moderately friendly relations) to invite, postponed the Shakespeare circle to an hour which would give the pupils a chance to have a meal first, after their seven-hour school day; there had also been seasonal surprises.

The Galilee gale, which can be more vicious and fierce than one might expect after a series of days when the *Sharav* air seemed not to move at all, had suddenly risen and blown wide open the door which never closes very reliably at the best of times. Rain and wind entered freely into the building. And then there had been a scream from the neighbouring room. One of the large windows with its huge pane had detached itself from one of the two weak hinges by which it was fastened to the wall and was hanging precariously above the heads of a number of pupils. Only the presence of mind of one of the boys had prevented it from smashing down on them: he hung on to it till the caretaker had taken it off the wall altogether, leaving a huge aperture through which cold and the swishing and lashing rain entered unimpeded. Our own walls had quickly revived their traditional winter dampness since hollow stones have been used for the brand-new building, and we had to fetch a pail in a hurry to catch the raindrops that were steadily falling down from the electric bulb, glistening in the light till it occurred to me that we had better switch it off for safety's sake.

"Yes," someone had said just before the bell rang, "what about Robert Frost?"

I remembered that among the English books a chapter of Hadassah women had sent the school for the library, there was a copy of Robert Frost's poems. So I turned to one of the girls, famed for her clear Alliance school handwriting, and asked her to copy out "The Gift Outright" on the blackboard during the recess.

"The land was ours before we were the land's," a boy suddenly said, lingering over the words as if savouring them and pondering them, and then he added hesitantly, as if he were thinking aloud:

"Isn't that true of our parents as well?"

"What do you mean?" asked a girl, tilting back her head in surprise.

"Well, isn't it obvious?" another boy took it up.

"Our parents, those who came from Islamic countries, I mean, they... Well, the land was theirs before they were the land's." He glanced back into his copy-book into which he like the rest of the class had copied the poem, self-conscious at his attempt at playing with a line of an English poem, though he likes doing that whenever possible.

"It was our land more than a hundred years before we were its people," he then went on reading aloud now. And then, with the oriental shrug of resignation which the second generation uses more rarely than the parents.

"Will it take us that long?"

So there it was, the basic question facing these youngsters, and not only those whose parents hail from oriental countries. They want to know whether they will reach the Promised Land of Israel society in their life-time. Now, when they are approaching what they once thought the first phase of their way toward the goal — matriculation examinations — they are beginning to worry. They are no longer as certain as they were in the early days, just when we had opened the school. They have learned some things, and not all of them have been good.

"Yes," someone interrupted the sudden silence, "he's right... Look at that line: 'Possessing what we still were unpossessed by...'"

"What does the line mean to you?" I asked.

"That's clear, isn't it?" answered the boy, reproachfully almost. In his surprise he spoke Hebrew. "You just have to go on reading. Frost says it all, and it's easy to understand..."

He quoted the lines, stumbling a bit:

"Something we were withholding made us weak
Until we found out that it was ourselves
We were withholding from our land of living,
And forthwith found salvation in surrender."

It was all very evident. What they wanted to tell themselves and me was that parents had not been able to give themselves. They had tried to explain that before, that those who had thought about it at all before they came had dreamed of the Messiah, and had longed for the Promised Land of the Bible. There hadn't been any ideal of the land in their thoughts, and working and building it had meant nothing to them. On the contrary, its modern tempo, the rush and din of it all, had frightened them and made them feel lost, their dreams smashed by a rather incomprehensible reality.

The discussion went on and touched the various aspects of the return of the Jewish People to Israel. These children, from wherever they may come, are searching for a new approach, one of their own, which makes them no longer weak, which does not allow them to withhold themselves. They are examining their own position and want to know what their relationship to the land and to the society living in it is. And, strange as this may sound in our age where idealism, even of the very young, is suspect and generally mistrusted, they wish to have something in their lives which demands from them that they give themselves to it.

THE GIFT OUTRIGHT / Robert Frost

The land was ours before we were the land's.
She was our land more than a hundred years
Before we were her people. She was ours
In Massachusetts, in Virginia.
But we were England's, still colonials,

Possessing what we still were unpossessed by,
Possessed by what we now no more possessed.
Something we were withholding made us weak
Until we found out that it was ourselves
We were withholding from our land of living,
And forthwith found salvation in surrender.

Such as we were we gave ourselves outright
The land ours before we were the land's.
To the land vaguely realizing westward,
But still unstories, artless, unenhanced,
Such as she was such as she would become.

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(Left) Running the gauntlet of Syrian fire on the road to the peak. (Hirsh Goodman) (Centre) [illegible] eyes focused on Damascus. (Uzi Keren) **(Right) Stark remains of a helicopter on the Hermon slopes** (Hirsh Goodman). **(Below) Israeli soldiers holding the peak** (Israel Sun).

The view from Mt. Hermon

The consensus of opinion among Israelis involved in the long months of fighting up north is that a disengagement agreement would be worth the ceding of the Syrian peak of Mt. Hermon, along with the entire Bulge occupied last October. Military correspondent HIRSH GOODMAN went up the peak, braving enemy shelling, to find out what it looks like from the top of the mountain, called "the eyes of the nation."

"I HAVE THREE drivers," said the sandy-haired officer in charge of operations on the Hermon range. "One of them drives my Volvo from this base camp to Tel Aviv if and when I manage to get home for a few hours. The second drives me to nearby positions in a jeep, while the third takes me to our forward positions in a tracked vehicle.

"When I talk to them about the pending disengagement agreement with Syria, the Volvo driver, who has never seen a live shell falling closer than several kilometres away, is adamant: we should not give up one inch. The driver of the jeep, who comes under fire now and then, says that for his part he would be prepared to give back the Bulge we took in the October war in return for a cease-fire. The youngster who drives the tracked vehicle, who comes under daily bombardment from the Syrians, claims that he couldn't care less what we give back, as long as there is peace and quiet."

This anecdote has been attributed to many officers in recent weeks, but the veteran officer, who was called in by the recently-appointed O.C. Northern Command, Aluf Rafael Eitan, to handle the troublesome Hermon range several weeks ago, insists that the original version is his. It does not really matter who originated the story; what is important is that it aptly illustrates — even if superficially — the general tendency among those involved in the day-to-day fighting in the north to be more partial to disengagement along the front than those far removed from the actual battlefield.

I could not help remembering the anecdote while on a trip up to the Hermon peak. Our request to visit the area had not been well received. We would have to try our luck and hitch a ride on one of the convoys driving up there. No special transport would be placed at our disposal. The fewer vehicles on the hazardous road up to the top, we were told, the better.

The 2,814m. Hermon peak had captured the attention of the Israeli public two weeks earlier, when Israeli and Syrian forces became engaged in a raging battle for possession of the summit. Previously abandoned by the I.D.F. On the last Saturday in April, the army spokesman announced that a small Syrian force which had attempted to establish a physical presence on the peak had been repulsed. Two days later, there was a similar announcement. Then, eight days later, a small Israeli task force was sent up to the peak and came under constant Syrian bombardment for several days. Simultaneously, the Syrians started a massive project of building a road up to the summit from a seasonal lake at the foot of the range. A decision was made by the then Acting Chief of Staff, Aluf Yitzhak Hofi, and Defence Minister Moshe Dayan to launch an all-out effort aimed at beating the Syrians to the top and at the same time destroying as much Syrian earth-moving equipment as possible in order to prevent them completing their road.

A highly specialized Israeli force was helicoptered to a point near the peak and dug in as well as it could on the wind-swept mountain. Fifteen soldiers were wounded that very night, as Syrian shells and Katyusha rockets landed incessantly nearby. On the same night, work was started on a 10-km. Israeli road from the Pituim position some 400 metres lower down the range, and within three days the link-up was made: Israel was in possession of the peak. The Syrian effort had been stymied. The race was won.

THAT WAS a mere three weeks ago. Now, according to all reports, Israel is prepared to hand the peak — which the public was told constitutes the "eyes of the nation" — over to a U.N. force, and in the eyes of many this is the same as giving it back to the Syrians. In fact, Premier Golda Meir stated publicly only a few weeks after the war that she would be prepared to hand the peak over to the U.N. as part of a disengagement accord. So what was the battle all about?

It is true that from the top one can see Damascus, on a clear day, as plainly as one can see Herzliya from atop the Shalom Towers in Tel Aviv. Through a high-powered telescope, one could see planes landing and taking off from Damascus International Airport. The entire Bulge is spread out before you like a huge relief map, while Fatahland in Lebanon — indeed, all southern Lebanon to the Mediterranean coast — lies shimmering beneath with breathtaking clarity.

On the face of things, this would seem like reason enough to justify a continued Israeli presence on the peak. The problem, however, is that one also has to be able to live up there in relative comfort and safety.

We were fortunate, our driver told us: we were making the journey to the top on an unusually quiet day. Only about 40 shells exploded within sight during the short afternoon we were in the area. On leaving Israeli Hermon for the road which would lead us to Syrian Hermon, the Pituim and finally the peak, we were told to keep our helmets and flack jackets on all the time.

"They have lots of artillery down there," said our 19-year-old driver, who makes the journey on an average of twice a day, "and you never know where it's coming from."

We dismissed this talk as bravado. Indeed, the trip up the Pituim was quite enjoyable. The weather was ideal. Not a breath of wind. One could see forever.

Suddenly it all changed. The moment we started out on the newly-built road to the peak, the journey became a nightmare. Hardly two consecutive minutes passed without a nonchalant warning from the driver to "get your heads down." He had this uncanny faculty of hearing shells being fired over the noise of the armoured personnel carrier. Within seconds of the warning came the explosion and the dull thud of shrapnel falling in the area.

Travelling on the road is running a gauntlet. You approach the bends cautiously and hesitate behind the hill before making a wild dash to the next hill and relative safety. Though the road has been built on the side of the ridge hidden from the Syrians, they have apparently sent spotters into Lebanon, whence most of the road is clearly visible. Both sides of the dirt track are pockmarked with craters, and at certain points the landscape is not dissimilar from that of the moon.

The stretch to the peak has to be done at top speed. To waste time is to increase the chances of being hit. The road, however, does not lend itself to speeding, the contours and climbs being difficult and steep. The most agonizing moments are spent waiting while climbing up one of the many inclines at 10 k.p.h., waiting for the warning to get down. Waiting for the law of averages to prove itself and plonk one of the countless shells fired by the Syrians each day on its mark.

AT NIGHT, the dangers are compounded. Not only are the vehicles in danger of being hit by artillery, but also of coming across an ambush by Syrian troops who have managed to infiltrate from either Syria or Lebanon. (The borders along the narrow ridge are ill defined.) At night one also has to travel more slowly, and anyway the chances of hitting a freshly-laid mine are much greater. By all accounts, a more difficult journey is hard to imagine. The road has claimed its toll. Over a dozen soldiers have been killed along the path, and many more have been injured. It is pure chance that casualties have remained at the level they have.

The peak itself is a plateau of several hundred square metres. During the winter months, it is covered in at least three metres of snow. In the summer, there is a constant wind. Temperatures vary from well below zero for about five months of the year — when winds reach forces of up to 130 knots — to a slight chill at the height of summer. There are no permanent structures on the peak, and our soldiers are quartered in a dark, smelly cave. Access to the cave is through a hole in the ground just large enough to allow one big man in at a time. Light comes from two naked bulbs feeding off batteries, while water is taken from plastic containers brought up periodically. There are no cooking facilities and the toilet is a plastic dustbin dug into the ground and filled with foul-smelling chemicals.

As few men as possible wander around outside the cave, the officer in charge keeping a careful record who is where and when. Conversation is punctuated by an almost ceaseless warning that shells are on their way. Efforts to improve living conditions have been constantly interrupted by Syrian fire.

The youngsters sent up to the position are drawn from the best-trained units in the army. They have lived under harsh conditions in the past and are doing a remarkably good job of making the best of what seemed to me to be a very tough assignment.

"They understand why they are here and are proud that they have been chosen for the job," said their commanding officer.

There are other problems as well. Movement on the peak is difficult because of a lack of oxygen. A quick run to a lookout post, a distance of no more than 200m., left me panting and dizzy. The stronger the wind, the harder it is to breathe, yet the men are alert.

"They have to be," said the officer. "They know very well that they may have to defend themselves should the Syrians decide to attack, and that it will be some time before reinforcements can reach them."

THE IMPORTANCE of the peak, it seems, is that the Syrians should not have it as long as there is no disengagement of forces in the area, and as long as Israeli troops are stationed in the Bulge below. They have a position some two kilometres away and 200 metres below, which they have temporarily abandoned. They would not have gained much, strategically, by possession of the peak, since as it is they can see a good deal of the Bulge from positions under their control at present — a hill northeast of Mazrat Beit Jann and Tel Harra in the south. True, height grants one an advantage, and Israeli forces atop the Syrian Hermon and on the Pituim — both taken after the October war — would be more vulnerable than they are now, but this advantage would not have been of great value.

It is generally believed that the Syrian attempt to gain control of the peak was a political more than a military move. The spot was carefully chosen. In order to gain possession they did not have to face any on-the-spot opposition. They also calculated that, once the peak was in their hands, they would be able to forestall any Israeli counter-attack, both from the ground and from the air, with the missiles they brought up with them.

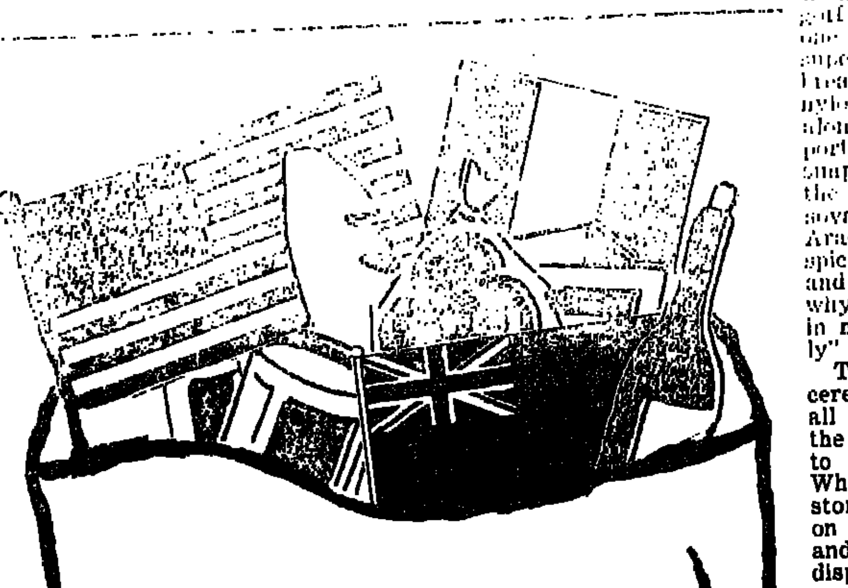
Presumably they also hoped that Israel would not make an issue out of the "conquest." They would thus be left with an achievement which would be well received by the Syrian population, which of late has been subjected to much marshal music, without hearing of any major military success.

But as things turned out, it was Israel that managed to gain control of the Syrian peak. The question is whether the effort is worth while. There was not a single person questioned who would insist on keeping the peak should there be a disengagement of forces. The Israeli Hermon, which has been in our hands since 1967, affords many of the advantages of the peak without any of the disadvantages. It provides a sound electronic base. Contrary to popular belief, neither the Israeli Hermon nor the Hula Valley can be seen from the peak and would thus not be in jeopardy from that quarter, while Har Dov (Jebel Rus), on the Lebanese border, provides an excellent base for keeping terrorist movements in southern Lebanon under control. It should also be remembered that the peak is only habitable for a few months of the year, and even then, conditions are harsh.

THERE IS AN element of truth in the claim that to hand the peak over to the U.N. would not be much different from handing it back to the Syrians. It is doubtful whether the U.N. could do a great deal against a Syrian force which should decide to set up camp right next to them, or even to dislodge them. What the Syrians might gain in fact is an excellent platform over Fatahland — which they hardly need — and a good view of the Bulge, which will anyway be vacated by Israel if a disengagement agreement is finally arranged.

هكذا من الأصل

MARKETING WITH MARTHA



Imports at the Super—markets

IT HELPS to see things with a [illegible] eye. My husband, who is not a regular grocery shopper, happened to accompany me to the Supersol the other day.

"Aren't there more foreign-made goods here than there used to be? It almost seems that they're crowding the local stuff right off the shelves. I don't see a single tin of Israeli sardines, for instance."

My husband's observation turned out to be correct. The managements of both Supersol and the Histadrut's Supermarket chain confirmed to me that there is indeed an increased percentage of imported foodstuffs on the shelves these days. Supersol, in fact, is promoting an "International Bazaar" in its stores from May 15 to June 15 — partly to sell out its large stocks of foreign merchandise. The Supermarket chain is still selling many products left over from its recent U.S. and Belgian "Weeks" — and it will soon sponsor a "British Week," I'm told.

Why all these imports? Both chains give as one reason the desire to make up for postwar shortages of certain local food products. Supersol's chief buyer, Mordechai Kreiner, puts it most bluntly:

"There have been tremendous shortages of local products since the war, and we have to fill up the shelves with something."

In particular short supply, or totally non-existent, are certain tinned fruits and vegetables — among them apricots, corn, green peas, pickled cucumbers and tomato puree. Either the Army has bought up entire stocks of these, or plant production has been cut drastically by manpower shortages, Mr. Kreiner explains.

In place of these familiar goods you can find, for instance, American tinned peach halves or Taiwan pineapple, including some in giant, 60-slice tins. Where the sardines are usually kept, you can find "Icelandic Waters Kipper Snacks," "Scotland Kippered Herrings," "Portuguese Rolled Fillets of Anchovied Sardines" — but no Kinneret sardines. Mr. Kreiner promised that local sardines would make their reappearance on Supersol shelves within a month, after the new season's catch is canned. He pointed out that locally-tinned tuna has already reappeared.

AT THE CONSUMER Cooperative (Histadrut) chain of supermarkets and *tsarkaniyot*, Tel Aviv district general manager Yisrael Shpan spoke to me about import policy.

"We must give our customers what they want," he insisted. The customers, at least in more affluent areas, want what he termed "supplementary products" — replacements for some of the local goods which have been in short supply since the war, and imported brands which they simply consider superior in quality and worth the higher price. Jams and jellies are a common example, with a profusion of foreign and local brands.

At the Cooperative chain's showplace Supermarket in Tel Aviv, at 30 Rehov Ibn Gvirol, you can see many comparable foreign and local products side by side on the shelves. This seems to belie the excuse of imports "because the local products are scarce." Tinned mixed vegetables *(guivetch)* by Assis can be found alongside a more expensive brand from Rumania ("in sunflower seed oil"). There are tinned olives from Greece, though there is no shortage of local Greek-style olives, in bulk anyway, if not in tins. Star brand *haricots blancs* (white beans) from Belgium are more expensive than the Vita counterpart in tomato sauce. (Several brands of local sardines are available there, by the way.)

Sometimes, indeed, the foreign products are not much more expensive, if at all, than the comparable local ones. The Histadrut's supermarket, for instance, has tinned [illegible] from Spain at IL[illegible] for 400 grams, while an Assis tin costs IL[illegible] for 420 grams.

The increasing similarity in prices between local and imported goods is one reason given by both supermarket chains for the increased stocking of imports. Tide, the world-renowned U.S. laundry detergent, "may soon cost no more than local brands," Mr. Kreiner predicts — noting that local laundry powders have been granted an official price rise, as of May 15. This, I suspect, is a bit of an exaggeration. Before the May 15 rises took effect, Supersol was selling a giant-sized box of Tide at IL15.75 — for 1.372 kg. For IL13.50, you could buy a plastic bagful of Supersol's own brand of laundry powder, Super-Mat, which contains 2.5 kg. This makes Tide about IL11 a kilo, and Super-Mat just over IL5 a kilo. Even if Super-Mat goes up again, it is not likely to double in price.

There are quite a number of places where laundry powder for washing machines can be purchased at bulk prices. At the Tel Aviv household supplies discount store, Super Pedant, at 155 Rehov Ibn Gvirol, IL5 a kilo is still the price of its own brand-name detergent in bulk bags. In quality, it compares favourably with Supersol's and with other leading local detergents.

CAMAY and Palmolive bath soaps, both American brands, are available at Supersol — and it is nonsense to pretend that they are as economical, or nearly as economical, as comparable local soaps. Bath-sized bars (150 grams) of Camay sell for IL2.50 and of Palmolive for IL2.70. Slightly smaller bars (140 grams) of local Olivia olive-oil soap sell at IL7.67 for five bars packaged together, or IL1.53 bar. Why Olivia bars are not sold singly I don't know: but most of us expect to be around long enough to bathe five bars worth, so the investment is worth while.

I cannot for the life of me understand why anyone here should need to buy imported soap. Nor can anyone tell me that we have to patronize U.S. soap companies in order to maintain a trade balance with America. Surely we buy enough arms from the Americans to make any trade balance lop-sided in their favour. We should be, and presumably are, exporting soap *to* the U.S.A. There are also quite usable Israeli bath soaps even less expensive than Olivia — including the smaller, unwrapped bars sold in all supermarkets, for about 78 agorot.

I PHONED Gad So'en, spokesman of the Ministry of Commerce and Industry, to ask whether the increase in imported grocery products might be some kind of deliberate Government policy, either to fill in for local shortages or to encourage competition. From Mr. So'en's tone of voice, I got the distinct impression that he was annoyed even by the question.

"It is possible to obtain everything here in Israel — or to obtain it from abroad," he said emphatically. "It's only a matter of snob appeal."

"We had temporary shortages of certain items during and just after the October war," he admitted, "but we have overcome them." Today there was "no need, no special reason" for increased grocery imports. Of course, any one who wants to import goods into Israel is free to do so — so long as he pays the customs duties, the Ministry spokesman said. But he insisted that there is no Government policy to encourage the import of foodstuffs or other household supplies. On the contrary, these imports only serve to increase our foreign trade gap.

Even between the two supermarket chains, I detect a slight difference in attitude toward imported groceries. At Supersol, Mr. Kreiner is unabashedly in favour of healthy competition from foreign products. "There is no reason why local industry should not be made to compete," he told me.

At the Histadrut chain, on the other hand, there seems to be the more apologetic attitude that the increase in foreign goods is just a necessary catering to the tastes of the more affluent consumer.

There is even a subtle difference in the display of foreign and local goods in the two chains. At Supersol, for instance, Johnnie Walker Red Label Whisky is out on the regular liquor shelf, at IL37 a bottle. At the Cooperative Supermarket on Ibn Gvirol, the open shelves have only the local Ascot Whisky, at IL25 to IL29 a bottle. Johnnie Walker Red Lebel, at IL36.50 a bottle, is available — but you have to ask a sales clerk for it; it is on a high shelf behind the delicatessen counter. "Johnnie Walker is not likely to be bought by the labourer or by the average clerk," Mr. Shpan told me.

Mr. Shpan said that in Histadrut-chain supermarkets and *tsarkaniyot* in less affluent districts — and he gave the classic example of Kiryat Shmona — little or no shelf space is given over to the higher-priced imported products. These are mainly directed to the big stores in Tel Aviv and Jerusalem, he said.

SOMETIMES I wish that a little of the spirit of [illegible] would prevail in [illegible] Dizengoff stores as well. For instance, one of my pet grievances against supermarkets is that the local breakfast cereals in the simple nylon bags are seldom displayed alongside the fancy-boxed, imported brands. Instead, the simpler Shalva (puffed wheat), the Elite rice crispies, and the soya-based cereals from Shefa Arad are generally hidden inconspicuously among the dried peas and beans. When I once asked why, I was told that the cereals in nylon bags "do not stack nicely" as do the boxed cereals.

This is nonsense. Breakfast cereals in a supermarket should all be placed in one spot, so that the customer has a fair chance to compare products and prices. What is more likely is that the store's profit margin is higher on the imported Corn Flakes, and there is more incentive to display these prominently. I suspect that this goes for a lot of the other foreign products, too.

I sometimes wonder whether the supermarkets aren't playing us for fools, encouraging us to fill up our baskets with imported goods because a few familiar local products are in temporary short supply. Can't we live very nicely for a season without tinned apricots or tinned corn? It is not like a shortage of eggs, for which there is no real substitute. If there are fewer tinned fruits and vegetables, we can buy more fresh ones — which is cheaper and healthier in any case.

I do not wish to be misunderstood. I would not ban foreign foodstuffs. Certainly every big supermarket should stock a few specialty items from abroad. I know there are people who look forward to the foreign "Weeks" in our stores in order to savour some particular product they enjoyed abroad and want to have again — no matter what the cost. This is perfectly acceptable as an occasional spree. Those who can afford it will stock up on some favourite which they cannot normally get — be it English piccadilli or American hominy grits.

On the other hand, in these times of flagging national self-confidence, it seems to me that we need an injection of the patriotic "Buy Blue-and-White" spirit. When I opened my mail-box after writing this column, I was delighted to find an invitation from Hamashbir l'Tsarkan — the Histadrut's department store chain — to the opening, on May 14, of its local products fair, "From Israel With Love, 1974." Let us hope it is the start of a new trend, back to the made-in-Israel label.

Martha Meisels

CULINARY NOTES / Haim Shapiro

Borek, née boureka

ONE OF THE DISHES that seems to have earned a secure place in the Israeli repertoire is the *borek*, usually known here by its Ladino name, *boureka*.

In fact, while we usually think of this dish as a Sephardi one, it is a Turkish delicacy which was adapted by the local Jews, and the borek shops, which have recently proliferated here, with a product far superior to anything known previously, all import their help from Turkey.

Of course, this commercial product is far removed from the delicate tidbits made in many Sephardi homes. These exquisite envelopes and cigar shapes, filled with cheese, spinach or meat, are usually so light that they practically dissolve in one's mouth before one has a chance to taste them.

They are made, naturally, with the lightest and thinnest dough possible. In fact, the *fila* dough customary for these pasties is almost impossible to prepare at home. Even if it is bought, and this is possible in most Israeli cities, it is still too fragile for the inexperienced cook to handle.

THE BEST SOLUTION is probably to use the flaky pastry dough sold in most grocery shops and supermarkets. Roll out the dough as thinly as possible. It may then be cut with a scone cutter into circles (folded over to form half moons), or with a knife into squares (folded over to form triangles). The very simplest device is to cut the dough into long rectangles. The filling is then laid down the centre, the two sides are folded over each other and the long roll is cut into little pasties.

The most simple filling is cheese, either the salty "Bulgarian" type, packed in brine, or the slightly less salty hard, white cheese. For one package of pastry dough, use about 200 grams of cheese. Mash the cheese and mix it with the yolk of an egg. Ground pepper and chopped herbs, such as parsley or dill, may also be added.

Place the filling in the individual shapes or the long roll. In either case, be careful not to use too much filling: the cheese has a tendency to expand, and what seems like a tiny amount of filling is quite sufficient.

Put the pasties on a greased and floured baking pan. Brush the tops liberally with the white of the egg. If you have no pastry brush, a clean paint brush is perfectly adequate. As a last resort, your finger will do.

Bake in a medium oven until the tops of the *boreks* are browned (about 25 minutes). They should be served warm, and if necessary they may be baked in advance and rewarmed later.

Bouquets for Beba

Sraya Shapiro

THE NATIONAL CONVENTION of the Working Women's Organization last Tuesday voted by acclamation that "We love Beba." Nobody saw anything strange in the resolution, which came after three days of deliberations in the best masculine tradition. The women talked, on the whole, better than the men: their speeches were clearer, their generalizations no more sweeping and their arguments abounded in personal examples which provided the human touch that men so often neglect.

Mrs. Beba Idelson, one of the founders of the organization and its general secretary for well over 40 years, was retiring from active duties. Her colleagues, her friends, wanted to tell her how they appreciated her devotion, her guidance, her personal example. Is there any word, among women, that can express all this with greater feeling and conviction than "love"?

Beba Idelson. (Israel Sun)

BEBA did not feel at all embarrassed. Love is what she felt for all of them — the 900 delegates listening to her in the dusk of the Habimah hall — and for the many thousands of their fellow-members who have worked over the years with and for children, unhappy families, bereaved parents. She was only repeating what she said to some friends who visited her during a recent serious illness: "Tell them I love them all."

Taking the floor to reply to all the compliments, Mrs. Idelson spoke of the two factors which had determined her way in life. One was being orphaned at an early age; but her quest for social justice arose out of an incident which happened to her non-Jewish maid, who was suspected of stealing a silver spoon.

"Her father beat her mercilessly, though she denied the theft. Indeed, the spoon was discovered at the bottom of a jar of marmalade when its contents was finished. I decided there and then to devote my life to fighting injustice."

HALF the delegates at the convention were between 41 and 55 years old. Those under 30 formed about six per cent of the total, those over 70, about two per cent.

The Working Women's Organization is a strange body, by any standards, for in addition to the welfare that women are generally expected to dispense, Beba's organization has a strongly political flavour. Its officers are elected on party lists.

"Golda often wonders how I can get over the dichotomy of being in the Party and in the Women's Organization; but I find no difficulty in it," Mrs. Idelson avowed.

Her attitude to politics is lofty and pure: "I will argue fiercely with Ruth Lubitch (the Rakah veteran) about everything; but when she sends me a bunch of red roses on Democratic Women's Day, I am very much moved."

The political fervour at the convention was maintained mainly by those very Rakah women. One of them almost wrecked the convention at the start when she defended a motion for the agenda and mentioned Kiryat Shmona.

"You have no right to speak — our sons are in the army," came shouts from all directions. Mrs. Idelson threatened to close the proceedings. The Rakah delegate apologized, saying that she was against such killings. But the contingent was very much on the alert. When Mrs. Herzliya Lokay, a former member of Zionist underground in Iraq, said she had appealed to Dr. Kissinger on behalf of the Syrian Jews because "there is obviously no sense in asking for help from the Russians," somebody shouted: "No slander!"

WOMEN, to judge from the speeches, have a very high opinion of themselves. They are stronger than men, normally. They usually have better judgment. But they are emotional, and do not know to defend their claim to pure and simple equality with men.

A woman is paid 80 agorot where a male in the same position gets one pound, Aliza Tamir claimed. And Esther Herlitz, M.K., argued that a man must be put at the head of a commission to study discrimination against women, "or we will be preaching to the converted." Incidentally, Miss Herlitz threw a strong hint in the direction of our cabinet creators: "I cannot imagine a cabinet without at least one or two women among its members." She apparently had some misgivings on the subject.

The trauma of the war weighed heavily on the convention. Some of the most moving moments occurred when bereaved mothers spoke about the sacrifice of their sons.

Yehudit Simhonit, whose son fell on returning from the Sinai campaign, said simply: "We never forget. But we know that we live on, not bending our backs, because that is the way our children wanted us to be." And Haika Grossman, who had fought the Nazis, had this to tell a fellow-partisan whose son fell in the Yom Kippur War: "Remember, you defended ruins; but your son led a tank defending a Jewish State. Isn't that the basic difference, the crux of the matter?"

"We have so little influence on world forces," Senta Josephtal remarked gravely, "but we do have an influence on this people's will to survive, on its ability to take a long breath. Are we failing in this?"

A newcomer from the Soviet Union, Bertha Brodetzkaya, said in her basic Hebrew, "I love it here. I was born in Russia under the red flag. I hate it. I suffer when I see it flying here. Do not forget what misery we are subjected to from Communists when we want to go to Israel." And than she added, "A working woman must be paid better, especially if she is the head of the family."

TORA AND FLORA

L. I. Rabinowitz

Trees of the field

Portion of the Week: Lev. 25-1-27,34.

THE SECOND of the two portions which will be read tomorrow, *Behukotai*, is almost entirely taken up with a description of the contrast between the happiness and wellbeing which will be the good fortune of the Children of Israel if they fulfil the commandments of the Lord, and the dire and condign fate which will be their lot should they spurn the way of God.

The introduction to the second portion, "If ye will walk in my statutes and keep my commandments" finds its negative in, "But if ye will not hearken unto me and will not do all these commandments" and this pattern of positive and negative is characteristic of many of the details. Thus, whereas for those who adhere to the commandments of the Lord they are promised "the trees of the field shall yield their fruit," (26.4) in the case of those who reject the commandments, "The trees of the land shall not yield their fruit" (26, 20).

And yet, as will be seen, one is not the exact opposite of the other, since where the verse of blessing refers to the "trees of the *field*" that of commination refers to "the trees of the *land*."

TO THE PERSON unattuned to the delicate difference of nuances of biblical Hebrew, the difference will be dismissed as of no real importance, but it is not so. I have on numerous occasions pointed out, and proved, that the phrase "trees of the field" in the Bible has a specific, explicit, well-defined meaning. It is a synonym for fruit trees, as distinct from non-fruit-bearing trees which are called "trees of the forest." The simple meaning, therefore, is that the fruit trees will not give their expected yield.

The rabbis were fully aware of this meaning, with the result that when the seemingly synonymous phrase "trees of the land" occurs in the contrasting verse, they refuse to accept that it is just another way of saying "the trees of the field." It must have a different meaning, and as a result the Sifra (quoted by Rashi *in loc.*) explains that it means "the trees will not yield their fruit *from the soil*," i.e. "due to some disease or lack of some essential element in the soil the fruit trees will even fail to blossom at blossoming time."

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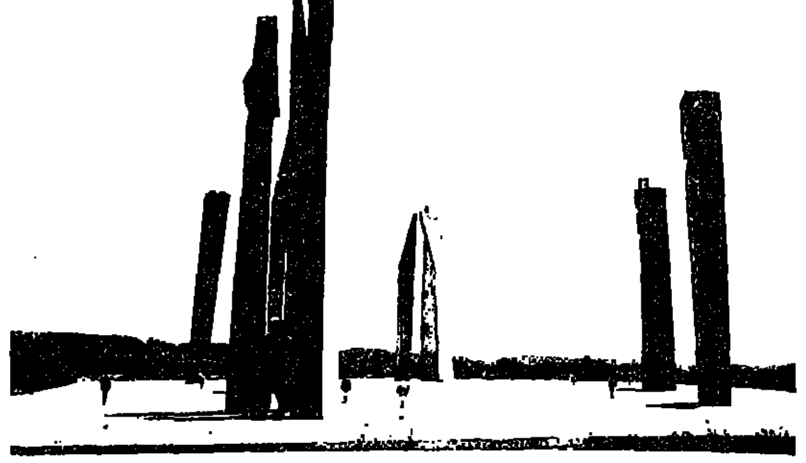
RIGHT WORK, WRONG PLACE

Ephraim Harris

THE Hof Hacarmel War Memorial, the work of Ya'acov Epstein (no relative of the late British sculptor, Jacob Epstein), stands on the Haifa-Tel Aviv motorway a little south of Athlit and opposite Kibbutz Ein Carmel, a case of a very intriguing design ruined by its non-applicability to the site.

The 11 gaunt concrete pillars that make up the memorial are so wide apart that many passers-by must have thought, as did this reviewer until a few days ago, that they were the start of a building never continued. A more closely-knit conception was needed for effective visibility. The harm has been done; and the only solution may be to cut away or terrace a portion of the natural forest, now being planted as a memorial garden, in order to give a full view from the Haifa-Tel Aviv motorway.

However, if one turns off just before reaching the Memorial, a few yards up the road connecting the Haifa-Tel Aviv and Athlit roads one comes to the complex through an interrupted wall into a piazza. At its far end, set against the hill and approached by a low black stone platform, is a basalt wall on which are inscribed, in gold, the names of the fallen from the Hof Hacarmel settlements (those who died in the Yom Kippur War are now being added). On either side of the wall, wide steps lead up to the Memorial. The columns, six to seven metres high, are not equal in height. Three groups of two, the one a slender pyramidal form, the second rectangular, bend towards each other as if talking, the rectangulars notched like minimalist figures, and varied, here and there, by crenellation and the semblance of a "crow's nest" look-out. A single group of three, pyramidal and rectangular, huddle together; and two lone rectangulars face diagonally across the pattern. The more the visitor absorbs the arrangement in its entirety (but why the scattered tiny holes on the columns?), the more he senses an air of mystery which does not preclude communication — and that may have been the feeling of whoever chalked an unadorned heart on a pillar — while the mystery is increased when, seen from the connecting road, the pillars have now fallen into three dressed ranks.



Yaacov Epstein: War memorial at Hof Hacarmel.

GALLERY GUIDE

Jerusalem

Meir Ronnen

EXCAVATIONS AT ATHIENOU — Fantastic variety of finds from one site by first Hebrew University expedition held outside Israel, loaned by Cyprus and magnificently displayed. Pottery and script point up *Cyprus' role as link between ancient* Canaan and Minoan and didactic delight (Israel Museum).

LILIEN — Exhibition of prints and *drawings to commemorate the centenary* of the birth of Austrian illustrator and printmaker who was one of the first teachers at the Bezalel School of Art. Library Hall, Israel Museum.

SCANDINAVIAN DESIGN — Large didactic exhibit covering nearly 50 years, filling new Palevsky Design Pavilion (Israel Museum).

BEYOND DRAWING — 13 Israeli artists investigate, clarify and define changes which have taken place in drawing as a concept and means of expression. The result is the rise of an Israeli "school." (Cohen Hall, Israel Museum).

"SCULPTURE FIELD" — A wishful Negev environmental project by sculptor Ezra Orion (Israel Museum).

AMERICAN BOOK DESIGN — *for* young and old, the annual showing of the American Institute of Graphic Arts prize-winning book exhibit (Israel Museum Library). Till June 6.

RICHARD SMITH — British Council show of multiples and prints by leading English designer, recently seen in Tel Aviv and Haifa (Artists House).

ROBERT ROZENBAUM — Recent works by gifted designer-painter originally from Holland (Artists House) from Thurs. till June 13.

PIRI YARDEN — Skilled impressionist wash drawings, the best of which are some quite voluptuous nudes in which flesh and form are extremely well-suggested. Colour is almost incidental and plays little compositional role; compositions are by tone and make effective use of formalized highlights (Shatz Gallery, Rehov Schatz) till May 25.

GABRIEL COHEN — First one-man *show of powerful "primitive" paintings* by Jerusalemite who is one of our leading self-taught artists (Debel Gallery, Ein Karem, Tel 417785). Sat-Thurs 10-1; 4-6 p.m. Closed Fri. *From Sun till June 3.*

LEV TOPOLSKY/JACOB PINS—Graphic works by famed Russian immigrant illustrator and by veteran Israeli woodcut artist and teacher (Arts Gallery, Shalom Hotel, Bait Vegan) daily 5-10 p.m. Sat. 11-1 p.m. From tomorrow evening till June 8.

JERUSALEM — as seen by 28 painters and sculptors who live in the Capital (The Jerusalem Theatre Foyer) from Sun eve. till May 25.

MY JERUSALEM — photographs by professionals and amateurs of life in the city, marking Jerusalem Day. (ICCY 12 *Emek Refaim) from Mon.*

ALEKSEY POPOV-FRIN — Romantic works in wash and ink, of youth and adolescence, somewhat removed from daily reality, by veteran restorer who lives in Moscow (Dagush Gallery, 11 Ein Rogel, Abu Tor) from Sat. till June 4.

MARIO DORETTI — Neo-classical paintings by Italian formalist trained in Rome who settled here last year. (Nora Gallery, 9 Ben Maimon) *from Sat. till June 12.*

Piri Yarden: wash drawing (Shatz Gallery, Jerusalem).

Tel Aviv

Gil Goldfine

THE TEL AVIV MUSEUM — NEW BUILDING (27 King Saul Blvd.) — Permanent exhibition of Impressionist, Post Impressionist and *Israeli* painting and sculpture, the largest and most comprehensive Israeli collection of the century. Hours: Daily, 10.00 a.m.-5.00 p.m.; Friday 10.00 a.m.-2.00 p.m.; Saturday 6.00 p.m.-10.00 p.m. Tel. 257361.

MOSHE CASTEL — Retrospective exhibition by veteran Israeli painter. Paintings from 1928 to 1973. (Tel Aviv Museum, New Building, King Saul Blvd.)

ERIC BRUUN — Posters (Tel Aviv Museum, New Building).

LOVIS CORINTH — 120 drawings, etchings and lithographs by influential German artist of the 19th-20th century. (New Building, Tel Aviv Museum).

URI LIFSHITZ — Paintings, drawings, etchings. (Helena Rubinstein Pavilion, 6 Tarsat).

YEHEZKEL STREICHMAN — Beautiful show of the artist's productivity of the past 15 years. An informal lyrical style blends with lucid colour schemes to create abstract harmonies on a grand scale. Unlike many younger painters, the difficulties of composing on a large format do not exist for Streichman. The larger the painting the more enticing it is. Like Ibsen, Streichman creates a "fourth wall" that spiritually envelops us with *a dynamic presence of light,* space and an expressive picture surface. At 68, Streichman, still busy turning out lovely paintings, is one of the deans of Israel's school of lyrical abstraction. (Yodfat Gallery, 100 Dizengoff)

ERNST DEGASPERI — Born in the South Tyrol but is now living in Vienna where, in 1952, he completed his studies at the Academy of Applied Arts. In addition to other natural influences, a source of great inspiration has been his many visits to Israel, notably to the Dead Sea area and the Sinai Peninsula. The wilderness gave rise to a number of serial pen and ink drawings and *etchings related to Biblical and Prophetic themes* (i.e. Genesis, Exodus 67, Revelation of St. John, Song of Songs). This present exhibition is a cycle of 20 pen and ink drawings in colour devoted to the Prophet Amos. Degasperi stylizes his figures, getting the most out of emotional gestures and facial expressions, but *loses some impact by retaining similar* weight of line and a decorative display of surface patterns. Within a given shape, human or inanimate, a series of contour-defining lines remain flat rather than describe a *form. A series of tondo dry point* etchings of Jerusalem printed in silver and gold on dark papers (including black) are exquisitely drawn and printed. Also of mention is a panel of pen and ink studies of desert thorns. Degasperi's abilities as a draughtsman are unquestioned; it is his poetic licence that should be examined (Z.O.A. House, 1 Daniel Frisch). Till May 20.

JEAN OHRING — Figurative etchings in aquatint and dry point *techniques. Naive drawing is reinforced* with satisfactory technical know-how and a deliberate compositional style. Man as a social being is the prevailing subject matter. Of two distinct *styles (the first is composed of expressively* rendered people and trees, projecting a physical and psychological interaction via moods of dejection and solitude. Allegorical and symbolic scenes encompass the second group, with some of the prints hand-coloured in a broad Gauguin-like palette of orange, lime green *and yellow* (i.e. "All Hail the Sun God"). The entire exhibit has an aura of meditation and acceptance. The tonal ranges of aquatint values are varied but also kept to a simplistic minimum aborting any attempt at bombastic showmanship. (New Gallery, 32 Reiness) Till May 24.

DUSHKA RESNIK — Recently returned from Italy where she produced a number of sculptures from Portugese, Belgian and Carrara marbles. Ranging from naturalistic *bronzes to symbolic marble shapes,* Resnik keeps to a "safe" figurative style consistently depicting a male — female relationship. Whichever way she goes, however, the end results are clearly defined forms, appropriate textures and obvious meanings. Preference is for the naturalistic trend in opposition to overt statements of *abstract symbolism that seem dated.*

An early bronze bust of a young girl is a fine piece as is "Head of a Woman," gracefully carved from a magnificent piece of gold-veined white Sienese marble. (Leivik House Gallery, 30 Dov Hoz) Till May 30.

SHMUEL TEPLER — Recent paintings. (Petah Tikvah Yad Lebanim).

RIVKAH NIRSON — First one man show of paintings. (Petah Tikvah Yad Lebanim).

ANDRE REVESZ — Sculptures. (Jaffa Artists' Gallery, 3 Kikar Kedumim Old Jaffa) Opens Sat. eve.

RAFAEL RILA — Recent paintings in naive style. (Gallery 119, 119 Rothschild Blvd.) Opens Sat. eve.

ODED AND LIRON BOURLA — Paintings and pastels showing Jerusalem *scenes from 1935 to 1949* by Oded and recent views by his daughter Liron. (Bat Yam Municipal Museum, 2 Struma) Opens Sat. 11:30 a.m. Till June 2.

ZVI SCHOR — Almost 60 oil paintings recount this veteran Israeli artist's rich career in a retrospective marking his 75th birthday. (Rosenfeld Gallery, 147 Dizengoff.)

YAAKOV BOUSSIDAN — Line, shadow and stark composition (a la Rembrandt) describes beautifully drawn, realistic etchings. (Old Jaffa Gallery, 14 Simtat Mazal Arie, Old Jaffa). Till end May.

JULIUS WEISSENBERG — Collages, oils and acrylics. (Ramat Gan Municipal Museum, 18 Ohevat Tzion.)

DAN HARITON — Caricatures, portrait and oil paintings. (Bet Sokolov, 4 Kaplan.)

KOSSONOGY — Recent watercolours. (Lim Gallery, 170 Ben Yehuda).

FREDDY KWIAT — Paintings 1971-73 (Dvora Schocken, 59 Hovevei Zion).

IZHAK GOLDSTEIN — oil paintings (Atelier Reggie Weston, 260 Hayarkon).

MARK BERGER — photos of "my brother fighters" from the October War (Yad Lebanim, Holon) from Sat.

NINA ZANGER — Pottery (Haaretz Museum) till early June.

ILANA OBERNAT — Recent oils (Damian, Dizengoff 212) till May 30.

Haifa and the North

Ephraim Harris

CLARISS LEZMY — Her oils, the same subjects as her drawings but looser composed, do not, however, reach the standard of the latter, the bulk of the exhibition, which, in their over-all aspects, recall German Renaissance woodcuts; indeed, the oil "Yemenite" and the untitled drawing of a man's head (24) are distinctly reminiscent of Durer's self-portraits. Most of her subjects are sexually symbolic or mythological (another sign of that influence). *This is blind alley academics, at best* admirable decorative illustration, and one must seek a breakaway into the more creative, e.g. the single figures, the muscular "Three Clowns," the family of 29, the freer "Outside my Window, a Tree" and an always purposeful shading. (Bitz Gallery).

GUTA HEFETZ — *Chiefly oils on* both dressed and undressed canvases, extending over a series of styles, mainly fauvist (the red accent of "Oriental Courtyard" and "Arab Women") but also cubist ("Boat Anchorage") and distinctly Chinese in depicting mountains ("Valley of the Moon" and the tinted drawings "Kineret" and "Sinai," 53); an Israeli influence was also noted. Inhibition hampering the unification of this variety may be due to the relatively small format *of her work, because "Stones" and* "Avenue of Trees" reveal a pull towards colour abstraction. Other media include watercolours, tiles and the semi-sculptural but too low toned "Antiquities" (Beit Rothschild Gallery). Till May 30.

AHARON BEZALEL—His sculpture, in beaten bronze and beaten and striated aluminum, has become far more impressively developed than at his last Haifa show. Although the basic ideas are not original (Moore's *figuration and horizontality, Agam's* possible re-arrangement of motifs at the viewer's choice) he employs them with considerable imagination. The resultant style is not necessarily delicately graceful, except in the three piece "Reclining Figures," resembling a flattened family of seals, which, however altered, retains its *abstraction; in the straining horses of* "Chariot"; and probably in "Locomotive Driver." Bezalel's strength lies in the treatment of mass with the minute Moore figuration the cutting and rounding of contours, and thin light making its way through movable joints ("Sea Animal"), all factors reducing dead weight. Light becomes integral in the reversed landscape of "Pillar," peaks on top and, further down, separated by abstraction, the sun through whose void the light clearly penetrates. Finally, everything culminates, in two different senses, in the huge build-up of multiple motifs in "Aliya" (in front of the Gallery) and the totem pole-like "Column of Lovers." (Goldman's Gallery).

ARCHAIC ESKIMO SCULPTURE — Sculpture made from whale bone and walrus tusks. Not to be missed (Maritime Museum).

FRANZ BERNHEIMER — Partly coloured, chiefly abstract, drawings in a tremulous line. Manipulates colour and shading very well to supply relief and texture. (The University). Till June 1.

MEIR AGASSI — Drawings often done on newsprint etc., not always clear, and figuration gross to play down eroticism. Best work, his abstraction. ("Graphic 3" Gallery).

EUGENIA BELKINE-PORAT — Recent paintings. (Eshkolot Gallery).

CONTEMPORARY JAPANESE PRINTS — (Municipal Museum).

MAIKO BRECHER — Paintings. (Hagefen Gallery). Opening Sat. 11.30 a.m.

JUDITH PINS — Drawings and Aquatec Paintings. (Nahmani's Gallery). Opening Sat. 6 p.m.

Ashdot Ya'acov

EDGAR STOEBEL (Paris) — Oils and gouaches stamped by a simplicity stopping far short of primitivism. Portraits, like the girl in the green *dress* and the *Yeshiva* student, handle types, not character; street scenes and landscapes suggest an Utrillo influence. Flower studies vary in their mode of expression and, sometimes, *follow his most interesting* manner, viz. leaving his subjects in space and stressing composition, although the strongest item, which defies classification, depends on its orange and green, and, as realism, there is the deep mauve and white of "Horse, Pigeon and Olive Leaf." (Uri and Rami Museum). Till May 28).

"HEROISM AND HOLOCAUST" — From the Museum's collection. Some are just symbolic e.g. the excellent *colour lithograph of Bezn's* "Slaughtered Pigeon and Tefilin," Kodar-Schwartz's six bare trees, Stegman's lithograph, executed with the mouth of the near-Egyptian woman's head ("In the Gas Chamber") and Kladinis's (Greece) drawing "Murder," woman and child beside a male corpse. Among much other work, there is a fine composition, "Mother and Child" by Mane Katz, also seen in "Y. Katzenelson and Son," an oil in light grey and off-white, while the documentary side is furnished by *the late M. Leibovsky's (France)* pencil drawings of life in a concentration camp, and Kischka's and Berlin's (both France) of the camp at Compiegne. There is some sculpture, notably Fogelman's head of Anielevitz, of Warsaw ghetto fame, and Perlman's "Daniel in the Lion's Den." (Uri and Rami Museum).

Caesarea

HENYA TEICHMAN — Oils. (Modern Art Gallery). Opening Sat. 7 p.m.

Aharon Bezalel: "Riders" (Goldman's Gallery, Haifa).

Barsuk: Painting (Mabat Gallery, Tel Aviv).

Once upon a time

Gil Goldfine

A FABRIC-LIKE flatness that characterized Barsuk's morose *paintings of last year has developed* into a more relaxed, open style in which figures are organised within a shallow intimate space. Rather than being tacked onto the surface, a proscenium has been constructed, and his facially expressive actors, *although gesturally static, circulate* within this limited void, somewhat like the stage of a small theatre.

Far from being stage designs, however, the pictures are intricately arranged compositions of firmly interlocked figures, shaped objects and void (coloured air). The crowding of large groups of people has given way to individuals, couples and trios woven together with threads and bolts of enchanting colour creating richly patterned motifs. Obvious design concepts of repetition, enlargement and variation of line or shape keep compositional confusion to a minimum, for together with overly segmented surfaces and an extremely active brush, Barsuk's canvases have a tendency to be somewhat confusing. Countless numbers of tints and tones covering the entire spectrum are applied with a good degree of bravado producing unobtrusive, low relief textures and an endless play of underpainting.

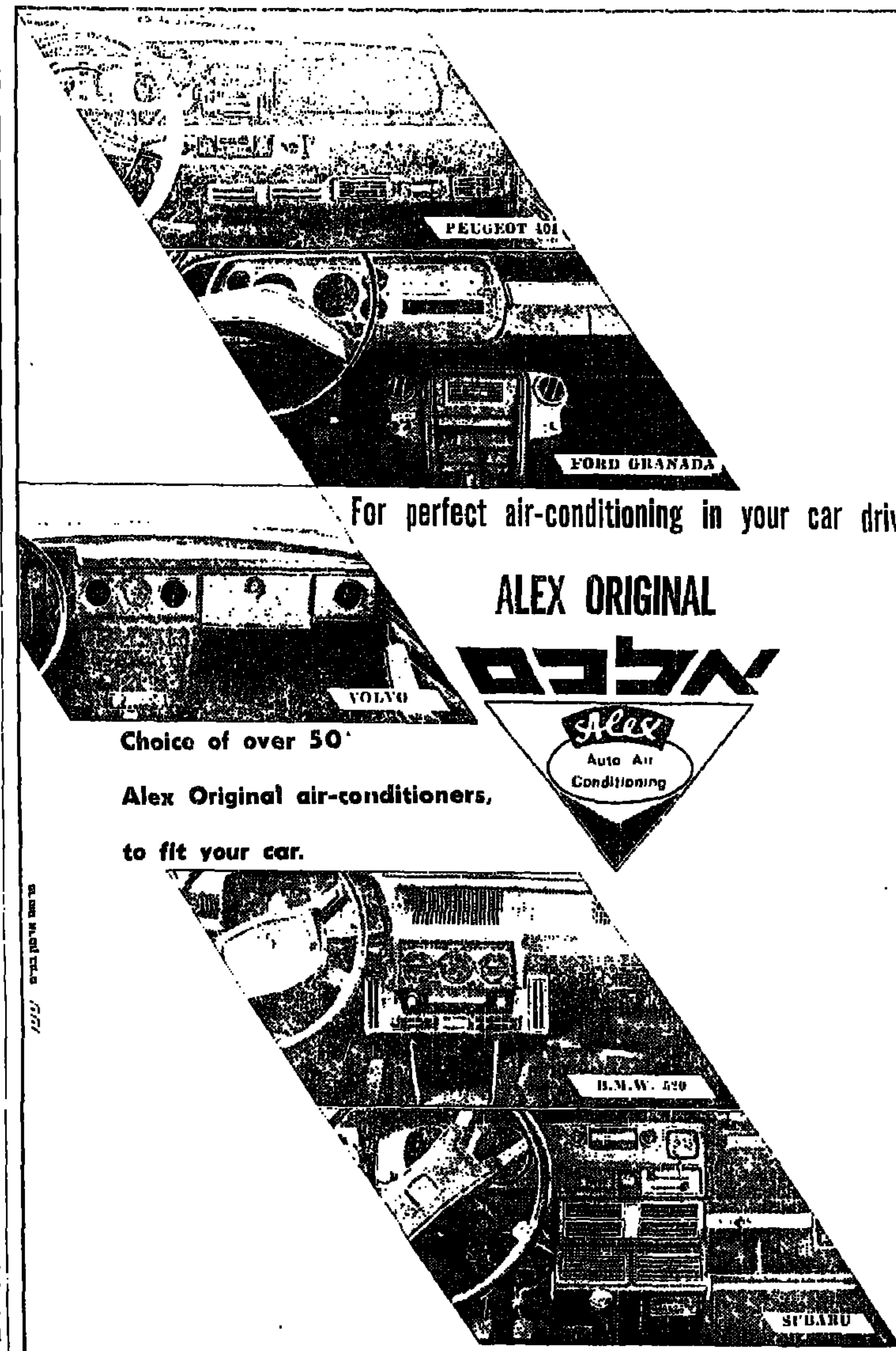
Barsuk denies the use of literary sources or community genre on which he bases his subject matter or compositions. "They are derived," he says, "through impulsive flashes of memory."

Flowers, as shape, colour and pattern makers, are germaine to Barsuk's paintings Somewhat symbolic *of his changes in attitude* and mood, they become sentimental objects of a personal nature. But in juxtaposition to his gorgon type, unromantic personalities, the arabesque petals, as objects, are complimentary and pictorially contrasting.

This is Barsuk's second solo exhibition; its basic content and style are similar to his first show. Learning from Cezanne he has begun to experiment with the effects of multiple eye level positions and horizon changes in *the same* canvas, which have resulted in interesting compositional ideas. But in developing his technique, of which colour is his *tour de force,* he seems to be losing a certain naivete, replacing it with an over-concern for surface effects. For Barsuk, who enjoys the primal act of painting, this tendency could be detrimental. Without deliberation and control the physical presence of pigment and design could easily result in decorative panels of colour and line instead of formal painterly translations and descriptions of his personal arena. (Mabat Gallery, 3 Gordon, Tel Aviv.)

Jean Ohring: Aquatint (New Gallery, Tel Aviv).

Sculpture by Dushka Resnik (Leivik House Gallery, Tel Aviv).



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مأخوذ من الأصل

Life among the savages

Shraga Harpaz, Shmuel Wolf and Rachel Dubson in a scene from "Saved." (Photo Sadeh)

THEATRE

Mendel Kohansky

THERE IS no better illustration of the idiocy of censorship than the case of Edward Bond's "Saved," now showing at the Haifa Municipal Theatre. I am not referring here specifically to censorship in Israel, but to the institution as such, for the play was originally banned in England (where censorship, largely as a result of this case, has since been abolished) and in other countries, as well as in Israel.

"Saved" is a moralistic play *par excellence*, in the same way as were the mediaeval "morality" plays shown in churches. It is a presentation of sin and the wages thereof, with the difference that Bond, being an English writer of the mid-20th century, sees sin through different eyes, and he pictures a hell far removed from the mediaeval vision of bodies writhing in flames. To him, hell is what it is to Sartre — other people. The play ends with a masterly scene played in pantomime: the main characters are arranged in a tableau of home life, watching television, drinking tea, reading a movie magazine, fixing a chair — the air heavy with hatred, the invisible claws ready to pounce.

The play is being shown in Israel with a five-year delay. In the spring of 1969, I was visited by a young man, a newcomer to the country, who wanted to start a career here as a theatrical producer. For his debut he had chosen "Saved," which by that time was being shown in various parts of the world, with much success. He had assembed a company and started rehearsals, but then he ran into the censor, who objected to the baby-killing scene. Unwilling to abandon his project, he took the matter to the Supreme Court, and asked me, as one who expresses his views on plays in public, to give my opinion in writing so that he could present it, together with other opinions, to the court.

I spent that evening reading the play. That was five years ago, when lethal rowdyism in the streets of London and other big cities was still a fairly new phenomenon, and we hadn't yet learned to accept it as a fact of life. When I came to the now famous scene in which a gang of boys relieve their boredom by stoning to death a baby in its carriage, I had to stop several times, and then force myself to continue. The author had accomplished his purpose: he had shown us sin at its most repellent.

The Supreme Court rescinded the ban, but it was only a moral victory for the producer, because by the time the verdict was announced, the company had fallen apart, and he found it too expensive to start again from the beginning. As far as I know, he left again.

A year ago, the Haifa Municipal Theatre acquired the rights to "Saved" — a rather daring decision by Oded Kotler, the theatre's artistic director, who must have realized that some members of the City Council would have a great deal to say about it, as they had done on previous occasions about plays they considered obscene. Rehearsals were to start at the beginning of the current season. Came Yom Kippur and its aftermath, and everybody involved felt that a play of such unmitigated squalor was not the proper fare at a time when the nation's morale was low, and Gogol's "Inspector General" was substituted.

Now, more than six months later, we can finally see "Saved," and on the stage it is even more powerful than on paper. Under Oded Kotler's direction it is a shocking, cathartic experience, as timely as a newspaper story, yet dealing with fundamental problems of existence in a straightforward, honest manner, shunning all sentimentality, moralizing or intellectualizing.

The characters of "Saved" being barely articulate, they don't talk very much: they mainly *behave* on the stage, revealing themselves in their actions. They are a strange breed — totally devoid of what we consider basic values. The action takes place in a squalid English suburb; the characters belong to the lower working class. The father of the family is a ghost still walking around, spending hours in a chair drinking tea, while the wife, to whom he hasn't spoken in years, and the daughter who habitually ignores his existence, carry on their shrill running quarrel. When he walks into the living room late at night to find the girl on the sofa with a casual visitor, he walks out without registering any reaction. Only towards the end of the play does he open up; husband and wife erupt in a verbal battle, and the hatred which spews out of them, the ugliness of the mutual insults, are unbearable.

THE HEROINE, Pam, is an alley cat who brings home boys she has picked up in the street and asks their names while unzipping their pants. When she bears a child of uncertain paternity, she hates it for interfering with her life, and feeds the infant aspirins to keep it quiet. She shows no emotion when the baby is killed by a gang under the leadership of Fred, who is probably the victim's father. Fred is the man in her life; his brutishness, the degradation to which he subjects her, are probably what she needs.

She rejects the attentions of Len, who came home with her one night and stayed on as her mother's boarder. Another lower-working-class boy, Len is a mixture of saintliness and masochism. He actually shows love to Pam, who repays him with the vilest insults. He is the only one to care for the baby, which he claims to be his own; he is the only one to speak to the old man; he even becomes a friend of Fred, and shows him many kindnesses when the brute goes to jail for the murder of the baby. Len continuously asks questions — of Fred, of the old man, of Pam's mother — naive questions that we too would have liked to ask. In his inarticulate way, he wants to find out why the people around him behave they way they do.

Edward Bond's portrayal of life among the savages, a strange tribe living in a country considered one of the world's most civilized, could have been dismissed as a writer's lurid fantasy, had it not corresponded to what what we know to be reality. What the playwright accomplished was to reach beyond the newspaper stories, and show — in a factual, drily realistic manner — how the heroes of those stories live.

The play's matter-of-factness is well served by Oded Kotler's precise direction, and by the cast, consisting of Shraga Harpaz, Rachel Dubson, Shmuel Wolf, Yossi Yablonka, Shmuel Calderon, Eyal Bertonov, Michael Bitter, Eyal Gefen, Lea Schlanger and Ora Shirion. All the parts, the big ones and the small ones, are played well. Ben Pinhas' set is built of corrugated steel, a material which epitomizes the grimness of urban environment gone to seed.

MUSIC / Yohanan Boehm

Opera as a career

SINGING is probably the most difficult career for a musician unless he is right at the top — and how many singers manage to reach those exalted heights of professional success where impresarios and concert and opera managers stand in line to fix a date for an appearance?

It all starts when somebody (generally without any musical comprehension or responsibility, gets excited about a youngster's singing and persuades him (or her) to go to a teacher for "voice culture." The training may take any number of years, for while some voices are "neutrals" and need relatively little effort to put them into shape, the general musical education is quite a protracted process. For this reason it is often neglected by the aspiring Enrico Caruso or Lilly Lehmann. One can find, for example, a tenor who has learned a few operas and makes a fortune on the Rossini-Verdi-Puccini circuit; but ask him something about music in general and you will draw a complete blank. On the other hand, there are people with highly cultivated musical intelligence whose voices are rather limited. Here, our technological era can be of great help: the microphone and the sound engineer can do wonders for radio, television and records; and contemporary writing does not favour *bel canto*, as human voices are mostly dismembered and electronically distorted and twisted.

ECONOMIC SECURITY, at least for some part of a singer's life, is only to be found in regular employment at opera houses or, for the smaller star, in madrigal groups or similar ensembles attached to radio stations, universities or religious establishments (the latter for a Jewish male singer means a position as a cantor in a synagogue). The great majority of singers join the race as freelance artists, and, more often than not, have to earn their bread by simply accepting any offer of performance, suitable or not. In Europe and America, with all the possibilities available, singers have a chance of eventually finding a place commensurate with their talent. Teaching is not only a welcome supplement to the singer's budget but a real profession — the success of a teacher is measured by the students he produces, and for prestige reasons, a musical institution has to be strictly selective in the teachers it employs.

GIVEN THE NECESSARY basic vocal quality, a tremendous amount of patience and, above all, a good teacher, there would seem to be no reason why someone so inclined should not embark on a career as a singer. In addition to general music subjects, there are a number of other special studies that are imperative for an aspiring singer. He must have a working knowledge of at least four or five languages. He must learn the stylistic peculiarities of different historical periods and, of course, the proper interpretation of various forms, which demands vocal variability of considerable range (in a nutshell: the difference between Monteverdi and Verdi, Bach and Offenbach, Richard and Johann Strauss). Old arias or arias from operas written in the 19th century; oratorios and liturgical works; *Lieder*, *chansons* or songs, and all the varieties in between: all demand different voice production and stylistic interpretation.

Then there are the many variations within one category of voice: a tenor may have lyrical or dramatic qualities, a bass may be *profondo* or *buffo* (a deep, dark voice or a lighter, more agile, comic one), or he may be a bass-baritone (having developed the higher register at the expense of the real bass register). One can sing the Commendatore in "Don Giovanni" or Zarastro in "The Magic Flute," another, the title role in "Don Pasquale" or "Don Giovanni" (but for Massetto you need another type of bass again). There are specialists in the operas of Richard Strauss ("Elektra," "Salome") and Alban Berg ("Wozzek," "Lulu"); Lotte Leonard and Hermann Schey were best in Oratorios and *Lieder;* Enrico Caruso and Benjamino Gigli could not have attempted to sing Wagner, but for Italian opera they had no peer. Few artists are also such great musicians that they have a virtually unlimited range of repertoire, like Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau or the late Jennie Tourel.

NOW LET US turn to the Israeli scene. There is the Israel National Opera, which provides a certain livelihood for a number of singers; the rest have to struggle for bare existence. The music programmes of the broadcasting service offer opportunities but no subsistence minimum, the IPO or the Israel Chamber Ensemble only occasionally use vocalists in their programmes — and when they do, most of the soloists are brought from abroad for the occasion. Teaching opportunities are fairly restricted, and in any case, not everyone has a talent for teaching. For newcomers, the language poses a very big problem, to be overcome only by hard study.

No wonder, then, that a local singer would not dare to refuse any offer to sing, no matter what — one day oratorio or a Bach Cantata, the next day Schubert *Lieder* or *chansons* by Ravel, then, maybe, some Schidlowsky approximations or other contemporary vocalise, followed again by Monteverdi or Dowland. And when the Israel Chamber Ensemble commendably presents a special vocal programme ("From Mozart with Love"), the selections are not made according to the singers available; the singers are fitted — not always felicitously — to the items chosen.

There are at present about 15 sigers of professional stature freelancing in Israel. Most of them have to do something else for a living, and the three or four who are trying to live on their professional earnings must be having to adopt very frugal standards. An additional irritant is provided by the Broadcasting Authority — very firm with people who do not pay their radio-TV licences on time — which keeps its artists waiting five or six months for their fees — and sometimes even longer. People are afraid to complain, in case they prejudice their chances of their getting another contract.

What can be done about this situation?

More programmes with vocal music need to be planned — but this demands more selectivity as regards singers, for the Israeli public will only accept good programmes well sung. The formation of a Chamber Opera, initiated some years ago by the Israel Chamber Ensemble and abandoned after a half-hearted experiment, should be tried again — but here, too, quality and not social considerations should be the decisive factor. The contemplated National Choir, with a core of professional singers as leaders, could also include a madrigal group or chamber choir — there are innumerable beautiful scores waiting to be brought to light. The Opera Workshop, initiated by the Rubin Academy in Jerusalem, should not only be training prospective artists (for what career?) but should give experienced professionals the opportunity to bring studio work to the public. The Jerusalem Theatre surely has all the facilities to be an ideal partner in such an undertaking.

Professional singing in Israel cannot be expected to bring riches; but the few artists among us should at least be given the chance to make a decent living from their art.

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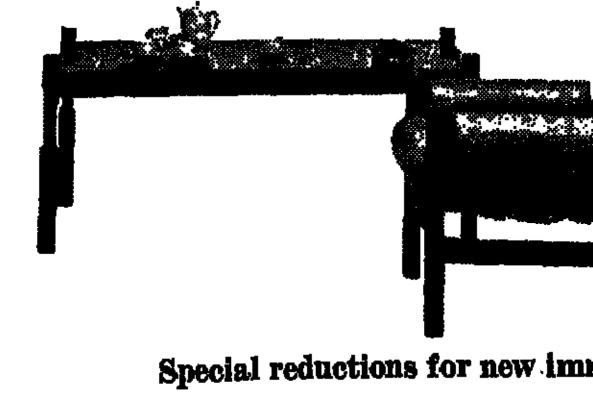

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Fair is fair

Allan Stone

MOTTE was a newcomer to the country. The only thing he brought with him was a keen sense of fair play. Motte was also a sucker for a bargain. When he heard upon coming to this town that there was a "flea market" in the east end, hope flared anew for him. "Benny," he said to his pal, "take me to the flea market."

"O.K.," says Benny. "What are you looking for?"

"I don't know. Maybe a clothes tree for Sarah in the bedroom. Maybe a used toaster. Who knows?"

"O.K.," says Benny, who can always use a bargain himself.

Some time later the two friends find themselves in the peddler's paradise. Motte is entranced. While Benny is looking around for a good bargain in a carpet, Motte's eyes are practically out of his head. Suddenly, as they move from stall to stall, they come upon the open-air display of discards.

Then — Motte sees it. The Toaster!

"Benny look." Benny obeys.

"Aha," he says, "your toaster." Benny picks it up and opens up one gate. Inside is the accumulation of 20 years of crumbs and kitchen grease.

"Yech!" says Motte.

"S'alright," says Benny. "This can be cleaned up. Probably all it needs is a new element for a couple of pounds."

A man comes up from nowhere. "Yes — you want the toaster."

Benny: "How much is it?"

Man: "Two pounds."

Benny: "Hm."

Man: "You want the toaster?"

Benny: "I'm looking."

Man (to Motte): "You want the toaster?"

Motte: "I'm thinking."

By this time the Man has reached the limit of his patience. He grabs the toaster out of Benny's hand and throws it on the sidewalk.

Motte lost interest. Benny lost interest. The Man lost interest. The two walked away from the one. At a respectable distance, Motte turned to Benny.

"The man's a nut."

Benny shrugged his shoulders. He'd been in Israel for 22 years.

But Motte's sense of fair play was now martially called forth into action.

"Benny."

"What?"

"Listen, Benny. I know how a guy can make a fortune here."

"So does every other newcomer, Motte. Whatever it is, it won't work."

"But, Benny, it doesn't matter what line you handle. All you need is to be nice to people. To give them a smile. To be patient with them. I tell you, Benny, if you sold cow dung at IL20 a kilo in an open stall and were nice to the people, you couldn't supply enough. They're starved for affection."

SO MOTTE went into business. He wasn't selling cow dung, just good merchandise. For a while all went well. Then suddenly business began to drop off. Motte was in financial trouble.

One day, a former customer passed in front of Motte's place without so much as a "How do you do." Motte called to him, "Fineberg."

"Noo?"

"Fineberg, what's the matter? No hello?"

"So hello."

"Fineberg, is something wrong?"

"Since you ask, I'll tell you. People are suspecting you, Motte."

"Suspecting me? Of what?"

"They say you smile too much. They don't trust anybody who smiles so much."

"What are you talking about?"

"Come on, Motte. What are you handling here? Hot stuff? You can trust me."

"Fineberg, I swear to you, this is all legit. I'm just trying to be a nice guy. The people deserve it."

"What, are you crazy? Are you some sort of a philosopher or something?"

"Fineberg, admit it. Isn't it more pleasant to buy merchandise where you are treated better? Come on admit it — isn't it?"

"Motte, you're hiding something. Is it dope under the counter? Listen, my friend: the people in this neighbourhood won't stand for it. I'm telling you straight. For your own good."

"Fineberg — don't you want someone to treat you like a mentsch when you come into his store?"

"Listen, does that fatten my pocket-book? Keep your smiles to yourself. Just give us honest weight and no monkey business."

Fineberg stalked off, muttering, "Smiles..."

The next day, Motte closed shop for good. Alone, he walked to the flea market. He went straight to the open air display. The Man was still there. The toaster was still there, showing a few more scars. Motte picked it up. The Man began to speak, but Motte shoved two pounds into his hand. Then, as the Man stared in amazement, Motte threw the toaster to the ground. He stomped it into an unrecognizable lump.

Without a word, Motte strode off, the eyes of the entire flea market gazing at his retreating back.

TELEVISION / Philip Gillon

Behind the Fence

THE NEW satirical show "Clear Your Head" pleased me immensely, and I hope that it will not incur somebody's august displeasure, as happened to its predecessor some years ago. This type of show cannot, by it very nature, be all of a piece: one has to take the mediocre patches philosophically, and enjoy the good to the utmost. The same can be said about imported programmes as well — Andy Williams and Julie Andrews have many poor moments.

I thought the take-off of Menahem Begin particularly funny, and my opinion was reinforced by his subsequent appearance on *Moked* during which he talked exactly like somebody satirizing him. Then there was the Baruch Jamali Mishap, and the discussion about current affairs, with somebody thinking the opposite of the opposite of the opposite. And I'm all for a bit of slapstick — the tooth extraction sequence was filmed with a merry camera. Altogether, Mordechai Kirschenbaum and Yaakov Assal have every reason to be pleased with their start, and I trust they will move from strength to strength.

I FOUND the discussion between the young educated Arabs on "What's New?" very reminiscent of the kind of debates we used to have in the Diaspora about Christian attitudes to Jews. The syllabus taught at the Taiyiba School does seem to be rather bizarre, with its heavy emphasis on the mighty writers of the Jewish renaissance (I recalled a skit Haim Hefer wrote on the subject years ago). But I suppose the best way for Arabs to learn Hebrew is by studying Bialik, Chernikhovsky, Agnon, etc.

All the Arabs emerged as pleasant, refined, sensitive, tortured souls — again, rather like products of Young Judaean societies. On the whole, it seemed to me, the Jews of Israel emerged by no means badly from the enquiry. I hope that we will have more of these discussions presenting the Arab point of view.

MANY non-Orthodox people have objected to my support for Saturday morning television on the ground that in the summer the children should be encouraged to swim, hike, play games, go to the beach, get out in the open air, rather than sit inside and watch the box. While I agree with this principle, I think it is irrelevant: the issue is whether somebody on high should decide what the children should do, instead of the choice being left to them and their parents. I don't believe in doing good to other people against their will. By all means, conduct propaganda urging children to go to synagogue or to the beach, according to your preference — but don't try to compel them to do what you want. And suspending the television service is, in my view, a form of compulsion.

ON THE EVE of Shavuot, Sunday, May 26, viewers will be able to see the latest indigenous television play, based on Bialik's short story, "Behind the Fence." Produced and directed by Emek Perry, the film, one of the best things ever done in Israel from the technical point of view, is liable to stir considerable controversy. It contains a lovemaking scene in the nude which leaves very little to the imagination; and the film as a whole comes out as a scathing indictment of *shtetl* Jews, most of whom appear not to possess a single redeeming quality.

The story, as adapted by David Avidan for TV, is a simple one. Somewhere in the Ukraine, Jews have succeeded in buying up all the houses in a village except one, which is inhabited by a stubborn old woman who refuses to part with the homestead that has belonged to her family for generations. The Jews resort to all kind of savage tricks to make her move; they break in and kill her pigs, throw stones at her, maintain a campaign to drive her out. The ringleader in these efforts is as nasty a one-eyed carter as I have ever seen on the screen. At one stage the hero's father, slightly less unattractive than the others, cries out, "What is happening to us Jews? We are becoming Ukrainians, pogromists!"

Living with the old lady is Marenka, a foundling, simple almost to the point of being half-witted. From behind the fence she peeps at the Jewish home, and somehow gets together with Noah, a 15-year-old boy. They fall in love. Noah is exiled for two years to his aunt in the city, but returns. One thing leads to another, and the nude scene takes place. His parents, however, manage to marry him off to a plump, silly Jewish partridge, and Marenka is left to raise his child.

Doomed lovers: Rachel Baharav and Shraga Harpaz in "Behind the Fence" to be shown on TV, May 26.

Bialik's plot was not a very original one, but Emek Perry has used it as a framework for an onslaught on *shtetl* habits and thinking. He is to be congratulated on some remarkable production and direction: the film moves at great speed, there is never a tedious moment, never a cliche; the doomed love is delineated with tenderness, compassion and delicacy.

The acting of Rachel Baharav as Marenka is superb, and Shraga Harpaz does not fall far behind as Noah: Shimon Israeli as the father, Ruth Segal as the mother and Deborah Kastelanetz as the old Christian woman are all excellent. So are the supporting actors, particularly that vile, one-eyed carter. David Avidan has created some first-class dialogue, avoiding the classicism of Bialik's time and the flipslang of the Israeli streets of today. He uses simple, straightforward Hebrew.

The film should certainly flutter the dovecotes. Were the Jews in the Ukrainian villages really like that? Many Israelis will no doubt object to the implication that our national poet was a self-hating Jew, and certainly one cannot see any love of the Jews in this grim picture. It is a very different viewpoint from the one we have got from pictures based on Shalom Aleichem's stories, although many of those, too, show people living in the *shtetl* as mean-spirited and intolerant.

RADIO / Ze'ev Schul

Scratches on a pad

SINCE, like most Israelis, I spend more and more of my precious non-working hours getting to work and back, an ever-increasing slice of my radio listening has to be done while a great part of my attention is devoted to watching out for our indigenous brand of kamikaze driver. I keep a pad and pencil in the car to jot down the interesting tidbits, but my handwriting, nothing to boast about at best, becomes a real brain teaser at anything in excess of five k.p.h.

Which is why I cannot now be sure on which channel it was, and at what time, last Thursday that I came in on the tail end of a programme on the War of Independence. But whoever it was I heard summing up at the end of the feature, I agree with him: we were never closer to catastrophe than we were during that period of late May, 1948, when King Abdullah decided to concentrate on the conquest of Jerusalem, rather than do the sensible thing and link up with the regular Iraqi armies somewhere in the Shomron to march jointly towards the Israel coastline and achieve their fondest ambition — the splitting of the new state as a preliminary to its total destruction.

It is pointless to speculate, at this late date, whether they would have succeeded had they tried to follow logic. What is clear is that it would have required the concentration of all of Hagana's pitifully small resources to counter the threat.

What we were told about the role played by the British in encouraging this invasion by the armies they had trained and equipped was illuminating. This was, incidentally, precisely the type of programme I would have liked to hear on Independence or Memorial Day instead of the self-torturing interviews with the parents and other next-of-kin of the fallen.

MEIR AMIT'S choice of favourite tunes (Army Channel, Friday, 2205) yielded an interesting musical autobiography of one of this country's outstanding military commanders, now managing director of the Koor concern.

As Aluf (Res.) Amit admits — he does not consider himself endowed with any particular musical gifts. But if, as he claims, he sometimes catches himself singing off-tune, he is already well ahead of quite a number of popular performers who do not have this gift, let alone the honesty to admit it.

Mr. Amit's preference is for folk songs, and patriotic songs. He likes men's choirs but detests opera — "I don't know why." As a pioneer, the son of pioneers, what could be more fitting than being reared on "Tomato" as a nursery song? We heard a full-blown version of it, choir, orchestra and all. Meir Amit found it juicy — full of childhood associations.

Alterman: a talent for translation.

His comment on "Song of the Company" (dedicated to the Wingate Company): "At that time words still meant a lot. Perhaps even more than the tune itself."

But all that business of the "protecting shield" and "ploughshares" and "motherland" sounded like ancient history. Unlike Josephus, however, it is hard to digest these days. So we concentrated on the music.

The *Yekkes* of Kibbutz Alonim, of which Amit was a long-time member, did not fail to leave their impact. From Mussorgsky's "Pictures from an Exhibition" to Dvorak's "New World Symphony" (naturally, not without evoking some farming connotations). Then back to the War of Independence — and straightforward stuff like *"Ha'amini Yom Yavo."* But not the version sung by Yaffa Yarkoni. Meir Amit remembers the petite figure of Tova Pardo as she sang it on the Ein Gev jetty just before what was one of the first combined operations ever carried out by Tsahal.

Also on Friday: My pet hate — the "Green Light" Programme, featuring an automobile engineer who was supposed to tell us all about brakes. It took him five minutes to tell us what he could have said in a simple sentence: the best way to stop is by "pumping" your brake pedal. The hemming and hawing and (ultimately) resorting to "literary" Hebrew just about had me blow a gasket. Especially since I remember myself on "Green Light." I was just as bad: I had nothing to say and it also took me five minutes to say it.

WHAT A PERFECT opening to Shabbat — Nat King Cole, and out of somebody's cupboard, a Bing Crosby playing second fiddle to the Andrews sisters. Sheer delight on the Second Channel at 2010. And—how can I put this delicately? — some local records were also played.

Again, I have it on my pad but cannot, for the life of me, decipher who did what on that exquisitive little piece about Nathan Alterman, translator of *"Opera bi'Grush"* — which is a much better translation of the *"Drei Groschen Oper"* than the English version, "Threepenny Opera." We were told of Alterman's unique talent for translating classical as well as modern masterpieces into the language of the Prophets without making them sound like the Good Book. Note, for example, his choice of the word *grush* which is neither *Groschen* (ten *Pfennige*) and the avoidance of the number three, which would have compelled him to use the plural form and thus exclude the dual similarity of sound and meaning which was more important to this unchallenged master than an immaculate translation.

Another gem was Yosef Taragin's "World of Science." (First Channel, Saturday, 0905) bringing us this week Professor Yitzhak Sadai of Tel Aviv University, where he lectures in harmony. His subject: the computer in music and composition.

All those who fear that the electronic super-mind may supplant the human mind can relax. We heard a computerized "improvement" on Bach, based on a Bach formula. True, it had mathematical perfection, but it lacked that unpredictable quality in the actual working out of a "formula" which is the very soul of Bach's own music.

While Bach may have had his musical lapses, the lecturer was closer to perfection. His delivery and his command of the Hebrew language in particular were a rare joy. The fact that this lecture was given to a "live" audience and recorded added a flavour and downright drama to a highly enjoyable 25 minutes. More please, soon.

Radio for music lovers

TODAY: 08.05: Musical delicacies. 09.05: (STEREO) Jer. Symph. Orch.-Mozart: Bassoon Concerto (Zukerman-Eitlinger); Partos: Psalms (Rodan); 10.05: Schumann: Symphony No. 1 (Rodan); Kelemen: Colour Changer (Honli-Rikkila) soloist: Siegfried Palm). 12.05: "My Concert." 1.05 p.m.: Midday Concert. 5.05 p.m.: Beethoven: Overture "Fidelio"; Tchaikovsky: Piano Concerto No. 1. 6.05 p.m. (STEREO): Tchaikovsky: "Romeo and Juliet" (Abbado-Boston); Mozart: Concerto for three pianos, K. 242 (Gold-Fitzdale-Bernstein-N.Y. Philharmonic); Brahms: Symphony No. 2 (Abbado-Berlin). 11.35 p.m.: "Finale."

SATURDAY: 08.05: Bach: Suite No. 1; Haydn: Sinfonia Concertante. 09.30: Musical Quizz. 1.05 p.m. (STEREO): Babel: Concerto; Dvorak: Symphony No. 9 (Bernstein). 3.05 p.m.: Brahms: Sextet No. 2 (Amadeus-Aharonovitz-Pelitti). 6.05 p.m.: Debussy's Life. 8.05 p.m.: Boris Lyov, piano: Beethoven: Rondo Capriccioso; Chopin: Scherzo, Polonaise, Etude, Mazurka; Liszt: Rhapsody No. 10; Rimsky-Korsakov: "Flight of the Bumble-Bee." 8.41 p.m.: Mahler: Lieder (Adi Etzion-Yonathan Zak). 11.05 p.m.: "Listen and Solve."

SUNDAY: 08.05: J. Ch. Bach: Symphony; Haydn: Oboe Concerto; Verdi-Liszt: Dance from "Aida" Verdi: Overture "Nabucco." 09.05: Albinoni: Adagio; Mozart: Divertimento, K. 563. 10.05 Mahler: "Lieder eines Fahrenden Gesellen" (Janet Baker); Roussell: Piano Concerto; Warlock: "Capriol" — Suite. 12.35: Copland: Sonata; Nocturne (T. Klausner, violin; Leo Markus, piano). 1.05 p.m.: Midday Concert. 4.00 p.m.: Y. Shlonsky: "Nelly Sachs Songs" (Zakkai-Rodan); Orgad: Ballad (Zeitlin); Berio: "Sequenza" (Burge, piano); L. Foss "Si bruit ni vitesse." 5.05 p.m.: Biber: Requiem; Verdi: 3 Liturgical Chants. 8.05 p.m.: Paul Ben-Haim at 75: Violin Solo Sonata (A. Tal); Variations on P. Ben-Haim by Zvi Nagen, Asher Ben-Yohanan, Yaacov Gilboa, Shulamit Ran, Ami Maayani; "Fruits from Paradise"; Folksongs, arr. for a capella choir (Avner Ital). 9.25 p.m.: "Music has many answers." 11.05 p.m.: Mendelssohn: Piano Sextet; Hindemith: Octet.

MONDAY: 08.05: Famous Artists. 09.05: Light Classics. 10.05: Mozart: Quartet, K. 575; Walton: Quartet (Aeolian Quartet, London). 12.35: D. Bar-Ilan, piano-Weber: Sonata No. Liszt: Nocturne. 1.05 p.m.: Arnold: 4 Dances; Vivaldi: Concerto; Sibelius: "The Swan of Tuonela"; Berlioz: 3 Dances from "Damnation of Faust." 4.06 p.m.: Orgad: Songs; Sturzenegger: Three Songs of David (Rostal). 8.05 p.m.: Darius Milhaud: "David" — Opera (George Singer). 11.05 p.m.: Bach: Chaconne (Heifetz); Beethoven: "Moonlight" Sonata (Gould); Franck: Sonata (Stern-Zakin).

TUESDAY: 08.05: A. Scarlatti: Sonata; Chopin: "Don Giovanni"-Variations (Weissenberg); Beethoven: Cello Sonata No. 4 (Tortelier); Villa-Lobos: Saxophone Fantasy. 09.05: Aurele Nicolet. 10.05: The Radio Music Club. 12.35: Choirs by Scandinavian composers. 1.05 p.m.: Hummel: Fantasy; Mozart: Recitativo & Aria, K. 486a; Rondo, K. 382; K. Stamitz: Symphony Concertante. 4.00 p.m.: "Military Music" ("What does a horse understand of military music?"). 5.05 p.m.: Jazz. 8.30 p.m. (STEREO): Jer. Symph. Orch. (see "Poster").

WEDNESDAY: 08.05: Dowland: Song (Shaw); Albinoni: Oboe Concerto; Dieter: 4 Pieces for 3 Flutes; Bach: Cantata No. 202 (Elly Ameling). 09.05: Beethoven: Madrigal (Ambrosian Singers); Rossini: String Sonata. No. 3 (I Musici); Faure: Lullaby; Schubert: Symphony No. 1 (Karl Boehm). 10.05: Moussorgsky: Gopak; Albeniz: Catalonia; Bartok: Concerto for Orchestra (Ozawa). 12.35: Granados: 3 Pictures by Goya. 1.05 p.m.: Midday Concert. 5.05 p.m.: The National Brass Band of New Zealand. 5.35 p.m.: Musical Quizz. 8.05 p.m. (STEREO): The Israel Trio-Ravel: Duo; Schubert: Trio, op. 100; Martinu: Five Short Pieces. 11.05 p.m.: "My Concert."

THURSDAY: 08.05: Famous Artists. 09.05: Handel: Excerpts from "Julius Caesar." 10.05: Beethoven: Variations for piano four-hands; Brahms: Sonata (Eden-Tamir). 12.35: Brahms: 2 Intermezzi; Debussy: Pour piano (Carmen Gr). 1.05 p.m.: Creston: "Invocation and Dance"; Stravinsky: Concert Dances; Hindemith: Metamorphoses (Abbado). 4.06 p.m. (STEREO): symphony concert-repeat from Tuesday Night. 8.05 p.m.: "Here is Studio One" (Magazine). 9 p.m.: Bo Nilsson: "Naam"; Torsten Nilson: "Konstatanda"; Bengt Emil Johnson: "Leash Line"; Per Gunnar Aldahl: "Stop the Flow of Blood" (Swedish recordings). 11.05 p.m.: Franz Schubert-his beginnings.

TV PROGRAMMES

FRIDAY

3.00 The Partridge Family. 3.25 Erev Shabbat programme. 6.00 News. 8.05 Shabbat Song. 8.10 Weekly Magazine. 9.10 "What I Like" — with Prof. Brian Silver. 10.00 "The New American Tragedy" — film. 11.15 News.
Educational: 7.50 Technical Drawing 9. 8.15 Maths. 7. 8.40 Literature 7-9. 9.05 Geometry 8. 10.00 Biology 10. 10.40 "My Opinion-Your Opinion." 11.30 Art. 12.30 "My Opinion-Your Opinion." 4.00 For Kindergarteners. 4.20 Story. 4.35 A game on words. 4.45 Art.
Arabic. 6.00 News. 6.04 Film. 7.45 News 8.02 Programme Review.

SATURDAY

8.00 Hamavdil. 8.30 Mabat 9.10 Ironside. 10.00 Mabat Sport. 10.50 Entertainment from Abroad. 11.40 News.
Arabic: 6.00 News. 6.04 Requests. 6.32 Innovations and Inventions. 6.45 Music and poetry. 7.30 News.

SUNDAY

5.30 News. 5.32 The Brady Bunch. 6.00 Ot Ot Ot. 8.00 Youth Magazine. 8.30 Mabat. 9.00 "It Takes a Thief." 9.50 "Elizabeth R." — Documentary. 11.20 News.
Educational: 7.50 Technology 9. 8.15 geometry 9. 9.05 English 5. 10.00 English 9. 10.20 Science 8. 10.45 French. 11.05 Algebra 9. 11.25 Maths. 5. 12.00 English 10. 1.00 Technical Drawing 9. 1.20 Literature 7-9. 1.40 Chess — Lesson 30. 4.00 Handiwork. 4.22 Chess, Lesson 30. 4.42 French 4.57 Science 5.06 Electricity.
Arabic: 6.30 News. 6.32 "Sami and Susu" 7.00 "Jerusalem" — Documentary 7.30 News and Weekly Magazine.

MONDAY

5.30 News. 5.3 2"Windows on the World" — a Magazine programme. 6.00 "Games and Hobbies." 8.00 "Pollyanna." 8.30 Mabat. 9.00 "Jerusalem" — a programme of songs. 9.50 "Law Court." 11.10 News.
Educational: 8.15 English 6. 9.05 Maths 5. 10.20 English 5. 11.25 Maths. 9 1.40 Programmes for the Jerusalem Day. 4.00 Songs. 4.18 English. 4.35 Science. 4.58 Music.
Arabic: 6.30 News. 6.32 Sport. 7.17 Projector. 7.27 Programme Review. 7.30 News

TUESDAY

5.30 News. 5.32 Service Broadcast. 5.42 Science Series — "South American Tribes" — 6.05 A short film with Charles Chaplin. 6.30 "My Friends all over the world." — Honolulu. 8.00 Morasha. 8.30 Mabat. 9.00 "Columbo." 10.15 Moked. 11.05 News. 11.10 Service Broadcast.
Educational: 8.15 Advice and Guidance 7. 9.05 Maths. 7. 10.00 English 9. 10.20 English 8. 10.45 For Kindergarteners. 11.05 geometry 9. 11.25 English 7. 12.00 English 10. 12.20 English 8. 1.00 Technology 9. 1.40 Know your Country. 4.00 Story. 4.14 Film. 4.45 Guidance for teachers.
Arabic: 6.30 News. 6.32 "Air Force" — Documentary. 7.00 Family Magazine. 7.30 News.

WEDNESDAY

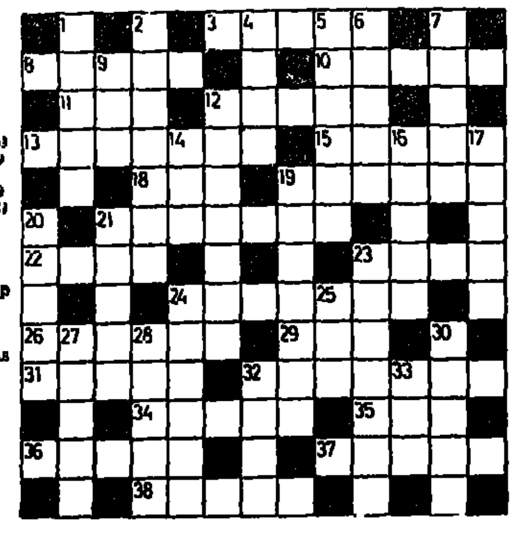
5.30 News. 5.32 My Friend Flicka. 5.55 Songs. 6.00 Cartoons. 8.00 Nanny and the Professor. 8.30 Mabat 9.00 "America" — Documentary. 9.50 "The Virginian" 11.05 News.
Educational: 8.15 Maths 5. 9.05 Maths 8. 10.00 English 9. 10.20 English 7. 10.45 Story. 11.05 Biology 9. 11.25 English 8. 12.00 Algebra 10. 12.20 Geometry 6. 1.00 Art. 1.20 Science 7. 1.40 Literature 7-9. 2.10 Technical Drawing 9. 4.00 For Kindergarteners. 4.20 Story. 4.30 English. 4.45 Electricity.
Arabic: 6.30 News. 6.32 Programme for Youth. 7.00 Poetry 7.05 "Visiting Card." 7.27 Programme review. 7.30 News.

THURSDAY

5.30 News. 5.32 Circus. 5.40 Daktari. 8.00 "Kolbotek." 8.30 Mabat 9.00 Hawaii 5-0. 9.50 "Brain-Wash" — a satirical programme. 10.40 The Match of the Week. 11.30 News.
Educational: 8.15 Maths 8. 9.05 Maths 6. 10.00 Technology 9. 10.20 Maths 5. 10.45 For Kindergarteners 11.05 Biology 9. 11.25 Science 6. 12.00 Algebra 9. 12.20 Science 7. 1.20 French. 1.40 "Know your Country." 4.00 English. 4.21 Algebra. 4.42 A programme with Gil Aldema and Assria Allon. 5.00 Youth Magazine.
Arabic: 6.30 News. 6.32 Cartoons. 6.45 This is your problem. 7.30 News.

TWO-IN-ONE CROSSWORD

Use the same diagram for either the Easy or the Cryptic puzzle.



EASY PUZZLE

ACROSS
3 Brief (5)
8 Quoted (5)
10 Strongly encouraged (5)
11 Nothing (3)
12 Fur (5)
13 Least possible (7)
15 Publish (5)
18 Gesture of agreement (3)
19 Maintain (6)
21 Foremost (7)
22 Hawaiian garlands (4)
23 Certain (4)
24 Becomes less severe (7)
26 In another country (6)
29 Billiards accessory (3)
31 Fashion (5)
32 Is present at (7)
34 Makes vocal music (5)
35 Seed-case (3)
36 Rescues (5)
37 Put off (5)
38 Ruffians (5)

DOWN
1 Apothecaries' measure (5)
2 Cats (7)
4 Cure (4)
5 Governing (6)
6 Lock of hair (5)
7 Bills of fare (5)
9 Metal (3)
12 Encumbered (7)
14 Extinct bird (3)
16 Nose cavity (5)
17 Anaesthetic (5)
19 Small creatures (7)
20 Sound of a sheep (5)
21 Liquid measure (5)
23 More precipitous (7)
24 Vegetable (6)
25 Hard-shelled fruit (3)
27 Wide (5)
28 Beginning (5)
30 Snake (5)
32 Very eager (4)
33 Negative word (3)

CRYPTIC PUZZLE

ACROSS
3 Drink for the press? (5)
8 He has to be himself (6)
10 Building serving as taxi garage? (5)
11 River Meadow (3)
12 Inexperienced airman? (5)
13 Tried to rebuild the city (7)
15 They're outstandingly white (5)
18 Standard parachute component (3)
19 Acidulous adjective (6)
21 Youthful and feminine (7)
22 A sign to stop Henry at the junction (4)
23 I have a man round about the gas-pipe (4)
24 Taken apart (7)
26 They're able to make me sane (6)
29 The measure of a right queer do (3)
31 Simple fellow? (5)
32 Silly, not even funny (7)
34 Run it around town (5)
35 Skilful little fellow (3)
36 Threw the first person into the shed (5)
37 Scottish form of sabre (5)
38 Taut grammar! (5)

DOWN
1 Well-aired towel, possibly? (5)
2 Beastly hole (4-3)
4 Transported in part (4)
5 It also tastes good with butter (6)
6 The Netherlands city (5)
7 Kink I straighten out for Mr Pilic, say (5)
9 With which to get good, holesome fish! (3)
12 Not a baron of beef! (7)
14 In-board rowing accessory (3)
16 Sub's place (5)
17 Emotional display on stage? (5)
19 It's no good for heartache (7)
20 In which there are kings, queens, and some duchesses (5)
21 Light of morning, at last (5)
23 Mediterranean and Scandinavian fruits (7)
24 Strip a room due for alteration (6)
25 Inky little girl? (3)
27 A number of weights (5)
28 Music made by Tom with a Beethoven piece (5)
30 Sat around with a monarch in the garden (5)
32 Wiggins, drinkless, but still able to swig (4)
33 Age of a noted artist (3)

Wednesday's Easy solution

ACROSS.—1, Sharp. 8, Eerie. 9, Ailment. 10, Twist. 11, Dogma. 12, Felon. 13, Senator. 15, And. 17, Oral. 18, Pester. 19, Scold. 20, Innate. 22, Fade. 24, Doe. 25, Pursues. 26, Rigid. 27, Tiara. 28, Gulls. 29, Recover. 30, Feted. 31, Merry.
DOWN.—2, Hawser. 3, Rascal. 4, Pit. 5, Amber. 6, Endowed. 7, Eton. 8, Immune. 12, Force. 13, Solid. 14, Naive. 15, Atlas. 16, Dried. 18, Plied. 19, Stained. 21, Notice. 22, Future. 23, Drafter. 25, Pivot. 26, Rare. 28, Gem.

Wednesday's Cryptic solution

ACROSS.—1, Cross. 8, Poach. 9, Pasteur. 10, To-Kay. 11, Means. 12, Crops. 13, Best man. 15, Hem. 17, (M)Aria. 18, Finale. 13, Seven. 20, Backer. 22, Dill (water). 24, Ice. 25, Levites. 26, Stair. 27, Light. 28, Windy. 29, Ill-bred. 30, Verne. 31, Teens.
DOWN.—2, Rioter. 3, Spar-TA. 4, Say. 5, Stern. 6, Pumpkin. 7, Ores. 8, C-ancel. 12, Caper. 13, Bambi. 14, S-ince. 16, Habit. 16, Meals. 18, (Swine) Fever. 19, Seat-tle. 21, Act-IV-E. 22, Divide. 23, Le-Aden. 25, Limbs. 28, Shin. 28, Wet.

SOLUTIONS TO TODAY'S PUZZLES ON MONDAY

BRIDGE
By George Levinrew

THE American Contract Bridge League reported a hand played by Bob Wolff of the Champion United States Aces in which he refused to allow a former member of the Aces to out-fox him.

Both Vul.

Bob Hamman
North (D)
♠ 9 8 7 5
♡ A Q 3
◇ Q J 6
♣ A 8 6

Ed Kantar
West
♠ Q 6
♡ J 10 8 4 2
◇ 10 2
♣ K Q J 10

Billy Eisenberg
East
♠ 10 4 2
♡ K 9 8
◇ K 8 7 5
♣ 7 5 4

Bob Wolff
South
♠ A K J 3
♡ 7 6
◇ A 9 4 3
♣ 9 3 2

The bidding:

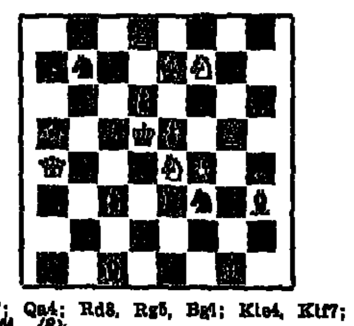
North	South
1 ◇	1 ♠
2 ♠	3 ◇
3 ♠	4 ♠

The opening lead was the ♣ K which held the trick. The dummy's ♣ A won the ♣ continuation. The count of the hand indicated as possible losers one ♠, one ♡, one ◇ and two clubs. The first step towards overcoming this potential defeat was to test the hearts. So the ♠ A won the third trick and the ♡ finessee was tried losing to the K. A ♡ was returned to dummy's Ace.

Now the ◇ Q was played and allowed to hold the trick, revealing the probable whereabouts of the K. The ◇ J came next and still East did not make the normal play of covering with the K. Had East held the 10 he certainly would have covered. But when the J held, although the 10 fell from the West hand, Wolff asked himself why did not East make the normal play of covering. If East had covered Declarer would have had to play the ♠ A dropping the Q. East by not covering gave the declarer the opportunity to finesse in spades. A ♠ was led from dummy and East played the 10. Did he also have the Q? South realized that if East had held the Q the ◇ K would surely have been played on the second lead of diamonds.

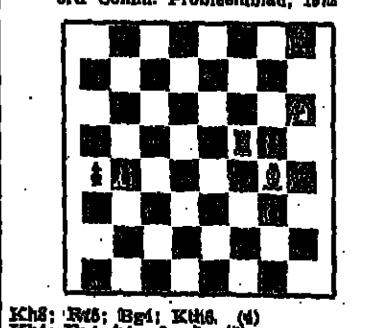
So Wolff was not fooled. He played the ♠ A; the ♠ Q dropped; the contract was made with the loss of only two clubs and a ♡. Such is the analysis champions must make in the midst of battle.

Problem No. 2511
O. GOLDSCHMEDING, Holland
1st Pr. Probleemblad, 1972



Ke7; Qa4; Rd8, Rg5, Bg1; Kte4, Ktf7; Pf4. (8)
Kd5; Re8; Bc1, Bh3; Ktb7, Ktf8; Pc6, d6, e5. (9)
White mates in two (2x)

Problem No. 2512
H. HULTBERG, Sweden
3rd Comm. Probleemblad, 1972



Kh8; Rd5; Bg1; Kth6. (4)
Kh4; Pa4, b4, g3, g5. (5)
White mates in four (4x).

SOLUTIONS. Problem No. 2507 (Touw Hian Bwee). 1.Bd4! g4/Kg4/Bf2 2.Rc3/Bf2/Be5x; 1.Be3/Re4/Rd4? g4/d1Q/R any. Problem No. 2508 (Zagorujko). 1.f4! thr. 2.Qb6+ Kc3 3.Rc7x; 1. — Ktb6/Bb3/Kt:e2 2.Ktb6/Kb6/Ktd6/Kta2 Ktc5/Bc4/Ktc3/Bc3 3.Qe5/Qa5/Qb5/Qb6x.

CHESS / Eliahu Shahaf

Will readers please note that in last week's column, the diagrams were interchanged in error.

THE WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP

With his third victory in the ninth game of the Leningrad match, Anatoly Karpov came close to winning the contest and qualifying for the finals. The young (23) grandmaster showed remarkable flexibility in adjusting himself to the circumstances and never once allowed Spassky to play an open game, as the former world champion did in their first encounter. In the Odessa match, Victor Korchnoi qualified for the finals after just five games. After the third defeat, Tigran Petrosian pleaded illness and never returned to the board.

Here is the ninth game from the Leningrad match. Karpov's masterly play culminates in a fine winning sacrifice.

Sicilian Defence

A. KARPOV — B. SPASSKY

1.e4 c5 2.Ktf3 e6 3.d4 c:d 4.Kt:d4 Ktf6 5.Ktc3 d6 6.Be2 Be7 7.0-0 0-0 8.f4 Ktc6 9.Be3 Bd7 10.Ktb3 a5 11.a4 Ktb4 12.Bf3 Bc6 13.Ktd4 g6 14.Rf2 e5 15.Kt:c6 b:c 16.f:e d:e 17.Qf1 Qc8 18.h3 Ktd7 19.Bg4 h5 20.B:d7 Q:d7 21.Qc4 Bh4 22.Rd2 Qe7 23.Rd1 Rfd8 24.Ktb1 Qb7 25.Kh2 Kg7 26.c3 Kta6 27.Re2 Rf8 28.Ktd2 Bd8 29.Ktf3 f6 30.Rd2 Be7 31.Qe6 Rad8 32.R:d8 B:d8 33.Rd1 Ktb8 34.Bc5 Rh8 35.R:d8! Black resigns.

In the seventh game draw was agreed with both players in a sharp position, neither being prepared to take risks. It left, however, a wide field for the analysis.

Dutch Defence

A. KARPOV — B. SPASSKY

1.d4 d5 2.c4 e6 3.Ktc3 c6 4.e3 f5 5.f4 Ktf6 6.Ktf3 Be7 7.Be2 0-0 8.0-0 Kte4 9.Qc2 Ktd7 10.b3 Kt:c3 11.Q:c3 Ktf6 12.Kte5 Bd7 13.a4 Kte4 14.Qd3 Bf6 15.Ba3 Re8 16.Bh5! g6 17.Bf3 B:e5 18.d:e h5 19.B:e4 f:e 20.Qd2 Kf7 21.a5 Rh8 22.Bd6 Rh7 23.Qb4 Bc8 24.Ra2 Kg8 25.h3 a6 26.g3 Bd7 27.Q:b7 Be8 28.Qb4 Ra-a7 29.Rg2 Rab7 30.Qc3 Rbf7 31.Bc5 g5 32.Bb6 Qd7 33.c:d e:d 34.g4! h:g 35.h:g g:f 36.e:f Rh4 37.f5 Rfh7 38.e6 Qd6 39.Qg5? (39.Qe3!) Rh1+ 40.Kf2 Qb4! 41.Qe3. Draw agreed. The best possibility for both sides is the repetition of moves, viz.: 41. — R1h3! 42.Rg3 Rh2+ 43.Rg2 R2h3, etc.

LAS VEGAS 1974

Las Vegas, Nevada, is certainly not famous for its chess activity; but the following game, played in the National Open, has enough gambling spirit to justify its location.

Gruenfeld Defence

F. GHEORGHIU — M. BERRY

1.d4 Ktf6 2.c4 g6 3.Ktc3 d5 4.Bf4 Bg7 5.e3 c5 6.d:c Qa5 7.c:d Kt:d5 8.Q:d5 B:c3+ 9.b:c Q:c3+ 10.Ke2 Q:a1 11.Be5 Qb1 12.B:h8 Be6 13.Qd8 Q:a2+ 14.Kf3 f6 15.Bg7 Ktc6 16.Kg3 Rd8 17.Qe4 Kte5 18.h3 Rd2 19.Q:b7 R:f2 20.Qb8+ Kf7 21.Qf8x.

TWO QUEENS AGAINST A MONARCH

From the New York Marshall club tournament, here is an entertaining game with a piquant ending.

French Defence

B. ZUCKERMAN — L. LEVY

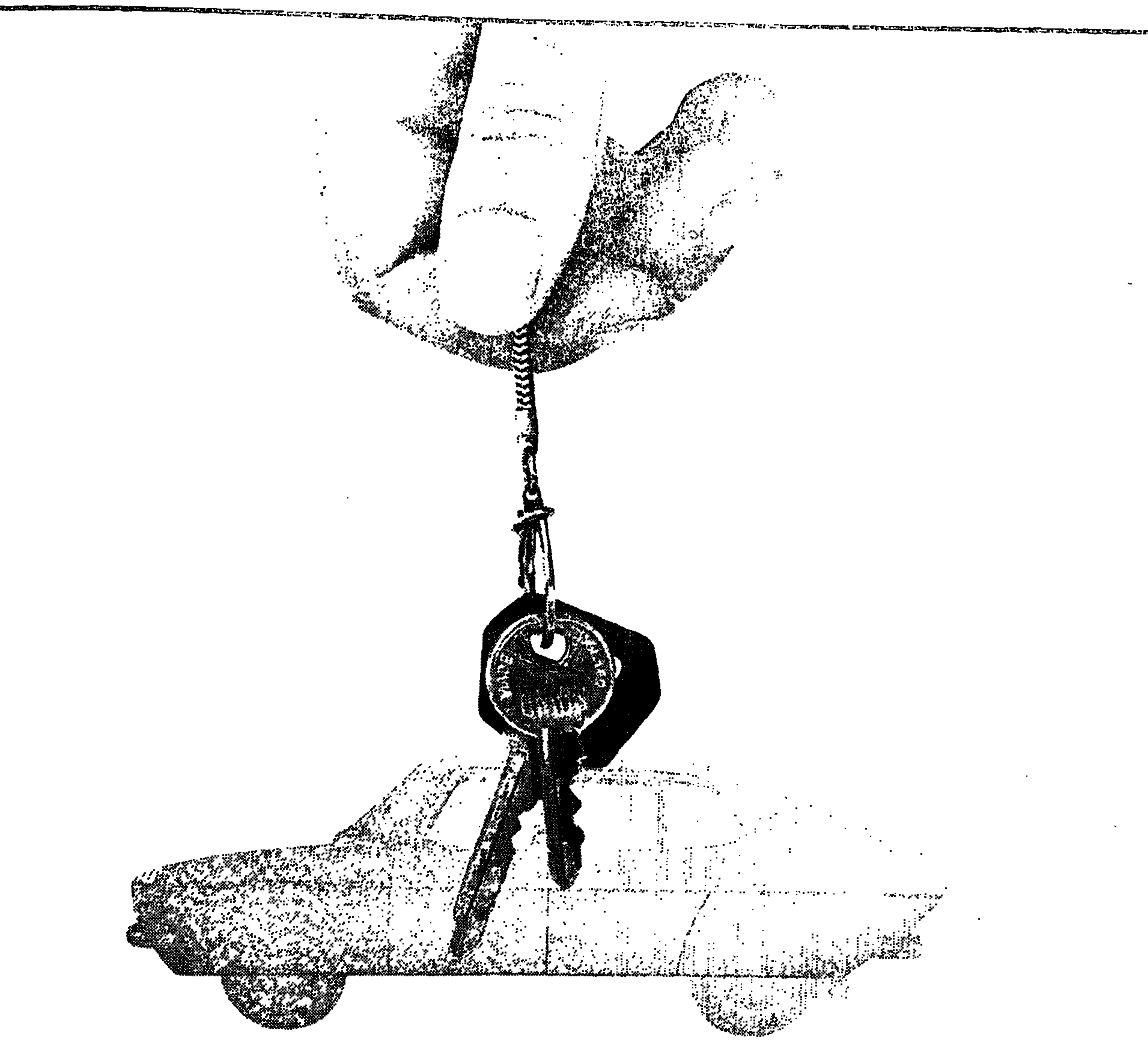
1.e4 e6 2.d4 d5 3.Ktc3 Ktf6 4.Bg5 Be7 5.e5 Kte4 6.B:e7 Kt:c3 7.Qg4 Q:e7 8.Q:g7 Qb4 9.Q:h8+ Kd7 10.Bd3 Q:b2 11.Rd1 Kt:d1 12.K:d1 Q:a2 13.Q:h7 a5 14.Q:f7+ Kc6 15.h4 a4 16.Qe8+ Bd7 17.Qf8 b6 18.h5? Qb1+ 19.Ke2 a3 20.h6 a2 21.h7 a1Q 22.h8Q Qd1+ 23.Ke3 Qa6x.

THE HELPLESS QUEEN

White — Ka1; Bd7; Ktf1; Pd6. (4).
Black — Kh5; Bh1; Pc2, h2. (4). White to play and draw.

1.Ktg3+ Kh4 2.Kb2 c1Q+! 3.K:c1 Be4! 4.Kth1! ! B:h1 5.Bh3! Bc6 6.Bg2! B:g2 7.d7 h1Q+ 8.Kd2! and inspite of Black being a queen and a bishop up, Black cannot prevent the queening of the white pawn. (Study by M. Liburkin, 1948).

ADV. AROYO



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Visiting Jerusalem?
Carta's Historical Atlas of Jerusalem is a must — get it today at your hotel shop.

A Stone in David's Tower. Sound and Light Show in Jerusalem. Every evening, except Friday, 7 30 p m in Hebrew, 8 45 p m in English. Additional show at 10 p m — Mon., Tues, Wed, Sat, in English. Sun, Thurs. in French. Tickets. Jerusalem agencies and Citadel box office (evenings). Please come warmly dressed

Hadassah Tours
1 Medical Centre at 9 30 a m., 11 00 a.m., 12.15 p.m and 3 00 p m Last tour on Friday at 12.15 p.m. Kennedy Building. No charge Buses 19 and 27
2 Morning half day tour of all Hadassah projects. IL8.40 ($2) per person towards transportation and refreshments By reservation only Tel. 416333.

HEBREW UNIVERSITY, conducted tours in English, weekdays at 9 and 11 a m. starting from the lobby of The Administration Building at the Givat Ram Campus Tours of the Mount Scopus Campus at 11 30 a.m. from the lobby of the Truman Building. For further details call Public Relations Dept. Tel. 39211 ext 725

Tourists and visitors come and see the General Israel Orphans Home for Girls, Jerusalem, and its manifold activities and impressive modern building. Free guided tours weekdays between 10-4. Bus No 6 Kiryat Moshe, Tel. 523291.

Jerusalem Biblical Zoo, Schneller Wood Romema. Tel. 533822, 7.30 a.m.-dusk.

WIZO
Wizo Tourist Department, 1 Rehov Mapu. Free Daily Tours, 9 a.m., call 226060.
1 Rehov Mapu. Daily Home Hospitality Service run by Israeli volunteers for volunteers from abroad.
Open House for New Immigrants, Tourists, Wizo Members every Tuesday, 4-6 p m.

AT THE KHAN THEATRE (opposite railway station)
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TEL AVIV

Tel Aviv Museum, Sderot Shaul Hamelech. Exhibitions: New Building: Moshe Castel Retrospective Exhibition Graphic Halls — Lovis Corinth: 120 drawings, etchings, lithographs, woodcuts. Eric Bruun — Posters from Finland; Meyerhoff Hall: Israeli art. Jagiom Hall: Impressionism. Hall No. 3: Surrealism, post-cubism. Haft Hall: kinetic art. Helena Rubinstein Pavilion, 6 Rehov Tarsat. Uri Lifshitz Paintings. Drawings. Etchings. Visiting hours in both buildings: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs— 10 a.m -5 p m. Tues. 10 a.m.-1 p.m.; 4 p.m.-10 p.m.; Fri 10 a.m.-2 p.m.: Sat. 6 p.m.-10 p.m.

The Helena Rubinstein Art Library (new building) open: Sun.-Thurs: 10 a.m.-4 p.m.; Fri. 10 a.m.-1 p.m.

Ha'aretz Museum, Tel Aviv Museum Centre, Ramat Aviv (1) Glass Museum; (2) Kadmon Numismatic Museum; (3) Ceramics Museum; (4) Museum of Science and Technology; (5) Museum of Ethnography and Folklore (6) Alphabet Museum; (7) Nechushtan Pavilion; (8) Tel-Qasile Excavations: Open: Sun., Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs., 9 a.m.-4.00 p.m. Fri. 9.00 a.m.-1 p.m., Sat. 10.00 a.m.-2.00 p.m.

Temporary exhibition at the Glass Museum, Ramat Aviv: Glass from Scandinavia.

MUSEUM OF ANTIQUITIES OF TEL AVIV-YAFO, 10 Rehov Mifratz Shlomo. Open as above.

MUSEUM OF THE HISTORY OF TEL AVIV-YAFO, 27 Rehov Bialik. Open as above but closed Saturday.

Conducted Tours:
Tel Aviv University
Free conducted tours in English, of RAMAT AVIV CAMPUS daily except Saturday. Assembly point at University — 10.30 a.m. Public Relations Dept. —Transportation — by public buses 25, 26, 79, 80. Free transportation on Mondays and Wednesdays from hotels: 9.30 a.m.-Tadmor, Sharon, Accadia, Validor, Samuel, Astor, Dan Park, Deborah, Adiv, Ami, Shalom, Basle, 10 a.m.-Sheraton, Hilton, Ramat Aviv.

Mizrahi Women's Organization of America and Canada 16, 18 Rehov Dov Hoz., Tel Aviv, call Tel. 220187, 243106; Jerusalem 222646, 521605; Haifa, 84528; Beersheba, 3171.

ORT ISRAEL: for visits please contact: ORT Tel Aviv. Tel. 782291-2; ORT Jerusalem, Tel. 233675; ORT Haifa. Tel 688000. ORT Netanya, Tel. 22922.

National Religious Women's Organization Mizrahi and Hapoel Hamizrahi Women in Israel, 166 Rehov Ibn Gvirol, Tel Aviv; call Tel 03-784942, 03-440316. Jerusalem: Tel. 02-30620, 02-38282, Mondays, Wednesdays guided tours, through Neve Sara Herzog Complex, Bnei Brak.

WIZO
Wizo Tourist Department, 116 Hayarkon St. Free Daily Tours, 9 a m Call 232939
38 Rehov David Hamelech Daily Home Hospitality Service run by Israeli volunteers for volunteers from abroad.
Open House for New Immigrants, Tourists, Wizo, Members every Wednesday, 4 6 p m When in Tel Aviv, visit the Wizo Boutique 34 Rehov David Hamelech

Moetset Hapoalot — Pioneer Women: Courtesy tours Sunday through Thursday 9 a.m Tel Aviv, Histadrut Bldg., 93 Rehov Arlosorov, Tel. 291111, Jerusalem, Beit Elisheva, Rehov Elazar Hamodai, Katamon, Tel 31616, Haifa Community Centre, 14 Rehov Zalah, Kiryat Eliezer, Tel 523554. Phone for reservations

• Canadian Hadassah-Wizo Office, 118 Hayarkon, Tel. 227060, 8 a.m.-2 p m
Hadassah Club, 40 Rehov Hayarkon, Tel. 56039
Israel Wax Museum, depicting the "Rebirth of Israel" Shalom Mayer Tower, Tel Aviv, Tel 67304

NETANYA

WIZO
Wizo Tourist Department. Free tours conducted by appointment Please call Mrs Zelzion 053-23192, 13 Rehov ... Daily Home Hospitality Service run by Israeli volunteers for volunteers from abroad Open House for New Immigrants, Tourists, Wizo Members, every Wednesday 4-6 p m

HAIFA

Hadassah Club Youth Aliya office, 202 Rehov Hameginim, Tel 042451, 064576
Goldman Art Gallery 93 Sd. Hanassi, Haifa, Tel. 80480 Exhibition of Sculptures by Aaron Bezalel Open daily 10 a m 1 p m, 4-7 p m., 8 10 p m., Sat 6-9.30 p m

WIZO
Wizo Tourist Department, 25 Rehov Moriah Daily Tours, 9 a.m. Free of charge. Call 84449. Daily Home Hospitality Service run by Israeli volunteers for volunteers from abroad. Open House for New Immigrants, Tourists, Wizo Members, every Wednesday, 4 6 p m

University of Haifa. Free conducted tours in English: daily from 9 a m. till 4 p.m Friday, 9 a m. till 2 p m. Details: Public Relations Dept. Tel. 254405

EILAT

WIZO
Wizo Tourist Department. Daily Tours, 9 a.m. Free of charge. Please call Mrs. Faye Morris, 059-2961.

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WIZO
Wizo Tourist Department. Free Daily Tours, 9 a.m. Please call Mrs Zimenhauer 04 920037.

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paintings, drawings and prints by

EARL BRODY

Opening: Saturday, May 18, 1974, 8.30 p.m.
at the Zalman Shazar Centre,
4 Rehov Hovevei Zion, Jerusalem
The exhibition will be open daily from
9.00 a.m. to 10.00 p.m. until June 6, 1974.

On the following dates the exhibition will be closed:
Friday, May 24, from 1 p.m. until Saturday evening, May 25, 8.30 p.m.
Sunday, May 26 from 1 p.m. until Monday evening, May 27, 8.30 p.m.
Thursday, May 30, from 8 p.m. until Saturday evening, June 1, 8.30 p.m.

BAR-ILAN UNIVERSITY

DEPARTMENT OF MUSICOLOGY
NOONDAY CONCERT
Franz Schubert-Excerpts from "Song Cycle"
"DIE SCHONER MULLERIN"
JEROME BARRY, Baritone
YONATAN ZAKS, Piano

The Concert will take place on Sunday, May 19, 1974 at 1.00 p.m.
— Schleifer Auditorium.
Tickets at IL1 can be obtained at the box office before the Concert

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Haifa Municipal Theatre
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STAGE 3
SYLVESTER '72
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THE SEA GULL
Haifa Tue. May 21
SAVED
Superior acting... H. Novak, Davar
Tue. May 28
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Last performances
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Tel Aviv Sun., May 19
Mon., May 20

Habimah
SLAMMING DOORS
Large Hall Sat., May 18
HOW THE OTHER HALF LOVES
Tel Aviv, Small Hall
Sat., May 18
Sun., May 19
Hundredth performance
HO! HO! JULIET
Haifa Sat., May 18
Habimartef
THE DAY BEFORE
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S. DALI	CH. ROSENTHAL
INOS	R. SCHLOSS
M. JANCO	SINVAL

Opening: Friday, May 17, 1974 from 8.30 p.m.
Saturday, May 18, between 10.30 a.m.-1.30 p.m. and 6-10.30 p.m.
Sunday, May 19, between 6-10.30 p.m.
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Tel Aviv University Faculty of Arts and Communications
The Israel Film Archives, Haifa

18.5 at 6.00 UGETSU MONOGATERI — Mizoguchi (English subtitles)
at 9.00 NAZARIN — Bunuel

20.5 at 4.30 VIVA ZAPATA! — Kazan
at 6.30 OCTOBER — Eisenstein
at 9.00 SHOW BOAT — Whale (No Hebrew subtitles)

22.5 at 4.30 TRY — Petrovic
at 6.30 NAZARIN — Bunuel
at 9.00 UGETSU MONOGATERI — Mizoguchi (Hebrew subtitles)

23.5 AN EVENING DEDICATED TO THE GREAT DIRECTOR, JULIEN DUVIVIER
at 6.30 POIL DE CAROTTE, with Harry Baur (French dialogue, English subtitles)
at 9.00 PEPE LE MOKO, with Jean Gabin (French dialogue, English subtitles)

24.5 at 2.30 HUSBANDS — Cassavetes
This film will be shown at the Tel Aviv Museum

THE CINEMATIQUE FOR CHILDREN AND YOUTH
23.5 at 4.30 BORN FREE Tickets: IL2.50

4 Rehov Pumbadita, Tel. Aviv, Tel. 284425, Box Office 235865
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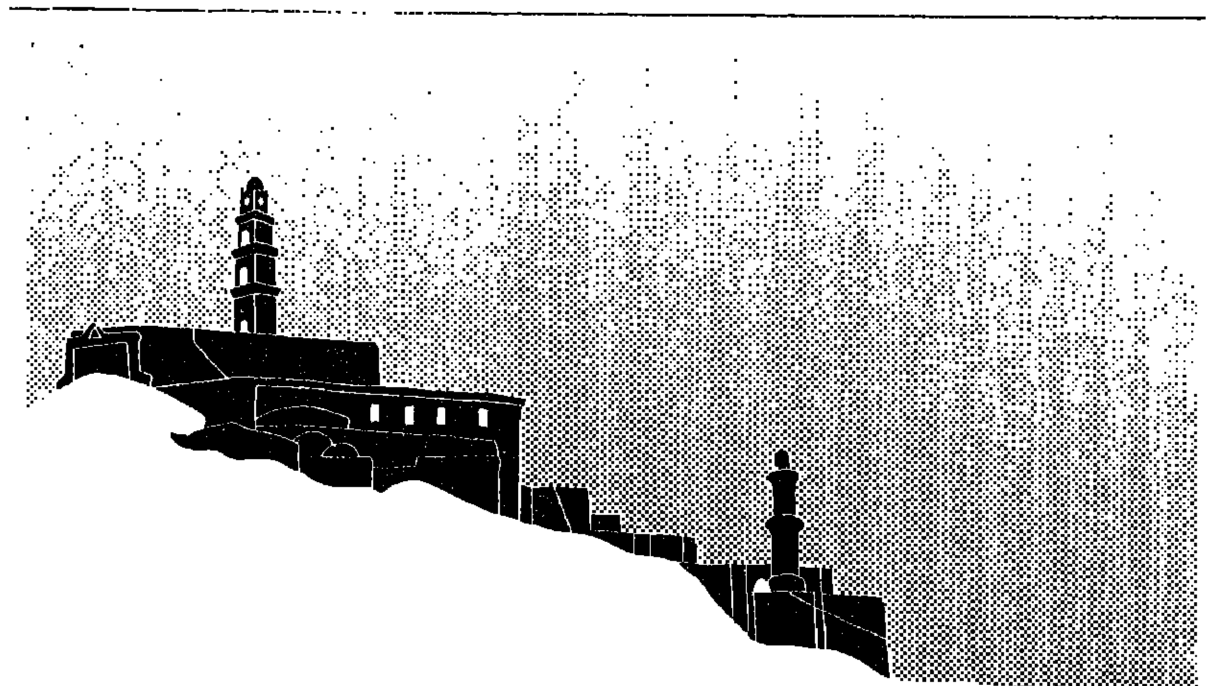

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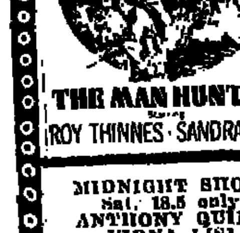

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Commencing Saturday May 18, at 7.00 p.m. and 9.00 p.m.
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BARBARA HERSHEY
in her great success
Boxcar Bertha
For Adult Only
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ROGER MOORE
as JAMES BOND
in IAN FLEMING'S
LIVE AND LET DIE
Songs composed by
PAUL and LINDA McCARTNEY
Sat., 6.30 and 9.00
Weekdays,
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3rd week
STEVE McQUEEN and
DUSTIN HOFFMAN
in
PAPILLON
In Technicolor
4.00, 6.30, 9.15

BEIT ROTHSCHILD
Sat., Tues., Wed., at 6.45, 9.00
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Thurs. at 8.45
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THE FORBIDDEN DECAMERON
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Six Nonstop Perfs:
A big Karate and suspense hit
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In Technicolor

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ELLIOTT GOULD
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in an amusing film
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CHARLES BRONSON
in an exciting film
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In a Great Love Story
THE WAY WE WERE
For Adults Only
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CHARLES BRONSON
and CLAUDIA CARDINALE
In a Great Western
In Colour
Once upon a Time in the West
Six nonstop perfs from Friday

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HAIFA PREMIERE
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in
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Two perfs nightly at 6.45 9.00

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Breathtaking suspense as never seen before
WALTHER MATTHAU as
CHARLEY VARRICK
Directed by Don Segal ('Dirty Harry')

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A perfect love affair in a great comedy hit
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SHAVIT
JULIE ANDREWS
in an amusing *musical*
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Perfs at 6.45 9.00
Sunday no cinema perfs

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WOODY ALLEN
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A hilarious and sexy Swedish comedy
THE LUSTFUL VICAR
Adults only
7.15, 9.30
Dialogue in English

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Second week
7.15, 9.30
MINNIE and MOSCOVITZ
Mats at 4.

Tarzan on the Great River

ORDEA Tel. 721720
7.15, 9.30
LIV ULLMAN
EDWARD ALBERT
40 CARATS

OASIS
7.15, 9.30
2nd week
LADY SINGS THE BLUES
Adults only

RAMA Tel. 721913
The Greek Sex Film
The Sister's Desire
In Colour

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Second week
7.15, 9.30
BLUME IN LOVE
GEORGE SEGAL
Adults only
in colour
no invitations & reductions

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DAVID Tel. 984021
7, 9.15
The Public Eye
MIA FARROW
HAIM TOPOL

Petah Tikva

SHALOM Tel. 917430
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
weekday 7.15, 9.15
TWO FACES OF LOVE
Mats. 4.
REVENDO COLT

The Poster

THEATRE

AS YOU LIKE IT (Cameri) Peter James' modern-dress production is full of interesting innovations, some successful, some less, and has a remarkable performance, in the part of Rosalind, by Tiki Dayan. TEL AVIV (Cameri) Sat.

ETERNAL HUSBAND (Habimah) — TEL AVIV (Habimah) Mon., Tues.

SO, SO JULIET! (Habimah) — Romeo and *Juliet married* and lived unhappily ever after in Ephraim Kishon's new comedy. The plot is neat, the jokes are tried and true, the audience laughs. HAIFA Sat. TEL AVIV (Habimah) Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs.

HOW THE OTHER HALF LOVES (Habimah) — A silly comedy about mixed couples, with many doors opening, people coming and going for no good purpose. TEL AVIV (Habimah) Sat., Sun

THE INSPECTOR GENERAL (Haifa) — Gogol's immortal comedy about corruption, incompetence and stupidity in bureaucracy in a most amusing, grotesque presentation by Edna Shavit, with Oded Kotler and Yossi Yadin playing, respectively, the imposter and the town's mayor. KIRYAT GAT (Hechal Haasor) Mon. DIMONA Wed. LOD (Orly) Thurs.

NEW YEAR '73 (Haifa, Stage 2) Yehoshuah Sobol's play about the clash of generations reveals some unpleasant truths about the generation of pioneers and about those who followed them. *Lively dialogue and believable characters* make for an interesting, thought provoking evening. Excellent acting by Nathan Maisler, Leora Rivlin, Michael Kfir and Gedaliah Besser. TEL AVIV (Cameri) Tues.

PLAZA SUITE (Cameri) — A revival of Neil Simon's comedy about the troubles of the New York rich. Plenty of laughs. ARMY Mon., Tues. TEL AVIV (Cameri) Wed.

THE SEAGULL (Cameri) Chekhov's masterpiece about wasted lives, which never fared well in Israel (as in other countries), in an ambitious production directed by famed Leopold *Lindberg.* Not entirely successful in concept and in acting, but a worth while evening of theatre. TEL AVIV (Cameri) Sun., Mon. HAIFA (Municipal Theatre) Tues., Wed., Thurs., 3.15.

SHALOM, SHALOM, BUT NO PEACE (Habimah) — A rather inane little musical about King Solomon and his sexual troubles arising from old age and a proliferation of wives. ARAD Sun.

SLAMMING DOORS (Habimah) One of the silliest French boulevard comedies ever to reach these shores, ineptly directed, designed and acted. TEL AVIV (Habimah) Sat.

THREE WIDOWS (Gesher) — A comedy play by Sholom Aleichem. MEGIDDA Fri.

WAITING FOR GODOT (Zavta) A superb production of Samuel Beckett's modern classic about the condition of man. Excellent acting under the direction of Edna Shavit. TEL AVIV (Zavta) Wed. 8.30

YA'ACOBI AND LEIDENTAHL (Cameri and Zavta) — A play by Hanoch Levin, author of *Hefez*, by far the best original play in a long time, beautifully directed by the author. TEL AVIV (Zavta) Sat. 8.00, 10.30.

SAVED (Haifa) Banned by censor. In many countries, the play is a realistic, *matter-of-fact portrayal of life among* urban savages in contemporary London. The scene in which a gang of rowdies stone to death a baby in order to relieve their boredom brings that portrayal to a horrible climax. Well directed by Oded Kotler *with a dedicated cast* (See review).

DANCE

BAT-DOR DANCE CO. — Programme: Concerto Grosso — Charles Czarny; And After . . . — Gone Hill Sagan; The Wait — Michel Descombey. TEL AVIV (Bat-Dor Theatre) Tues. 8.00.

MUSIC

All events start at 8.30 p.m. unless stated otherwise.

JERUSALEM

"6:6" — The New Israel String Quartet with Meir Rimon, horn, Richard Lesser, clarinet, Meira Menze, viola — Mozart: Horn Quintet, K.407; A. v. Webern: String Quartet, op. 28; Mozart: Clarinet Quintet, K.581 — at the Khan: Saturday, at 8.00 p.m.

Israel Chamber Ensemble — Subscription Concert No. 5 — Gabriel Chmura conducting, Nicanor Zabaleta, harp — works by Wolf, Hadai, Boieldieu, Debussy, Prokofiev — at the Binyanei Ha'ooma: Saturday.

Israel Philharmonic Orchestra — Subscription *Concert No. 5, Series Two* — James De Priest conducting, Ilan Rogoff, piano — works by Haydn, Liszt, Bartok — at the Binyanei Ha'oomah: Sunday.

"I'm a Person too" — two song cycles featuring — Moussorgsky's "From the Nursery" and Bernstein's "I Hate Music" — will be performed by Ruhama Guttel, Zahava Gal, Bonny Glasgow, *Ilana Lisanskaya, Yvonne* Livi and Hanna Dubrowsky, and then be commented upon by Simon Sargon, of the Rubin Academy of Music; at the Academy: Wednesday.

"Jewish Soul Music" — with Giora Feidman, clarinet — at the KHAN: Thursday, at 9 p.m.

Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra — Mendi Rodan conducting, Ralph Kirshbaum, cello; Alisa Landsman, piano — all-Prokofiev-programme: Classical Symphony; Cello Rhapsody; Piano-Concerto No. 3; "Romeo and Juliet" — Suite — at the Jerusalem Theatre: Tuesday.

TEL AVIV

Israel Philharmonic Orchestra — Subscription Concert No. 9 — Series 6: Saturday: Series 7: Monday — James De Priest conducting, Ilan Rogoff, piano — works by Haydn, Liszt, Bartok.

"Cantata Treasures" — arias, duets, chorales from Cantatas by J.S. Bach — Cilla Grossmaier, Willy Haparnas, Yair Kless, Rina Perelstein, Yuval Kaminkovski, David Shamban, Eliyahu Thorner, Shlomo Tidhar, Eldad Neumark — at the Tel Aviv Museum: Saturday, at 8 p.m.

HAIFA

Israel Chamber Ensemble — Subscription Concert No. 5 — Gabriel Chmura conducting, Nicanor Zabaleta, harp — works by Wolf, Sadai, Boieldieu, Debussy, Prokofiev — at the "Shavit" Hall: Saturday.

Haifa Symphony Orchestra — Subscription Concert No. 9 — Shmuel Friedman conducting, Loek van der Gaag, Dutch pianist — Schubert: Symphony in C Major; Tchaikovsky: Piano Concerto No. 1 — series "A": Sunday; Series "B" Mon*day* — at the *Municipal Theatre.*

Israel Philharmonic Orchestra — Subscription Concert No. 8 — details as for Jerusalem — Series 1: Tuesday; Series 2: Wednesday; Series 3: Thursday.

HOLON

Holon Chamber Orchestra — Shalom Ronli-Riklis conducting, Dora Schwartzberg, violin; Mira Zakkai, contralto — Series B: Saturday, at the Yad le'Banim Cultural Centre.

REHOVOT

Sandra Johnson — presents an evening of *folksongs* — American and interna*tional*, "A Vampire Tale"; and a ballad for voice and Irish minstrel harp by Leon Schidlowsky — at the Wix Auditorium: Saturday.

"Music at Noon" — Uri Shoham, flute; Menahem Breuer, violin; Hanoch Greenfeld, *piano — works by Loeillet, Beethoven*, Dvorak, Martinu — *for* Institute staff and students only — Thursday, at 12.30.

OPERA

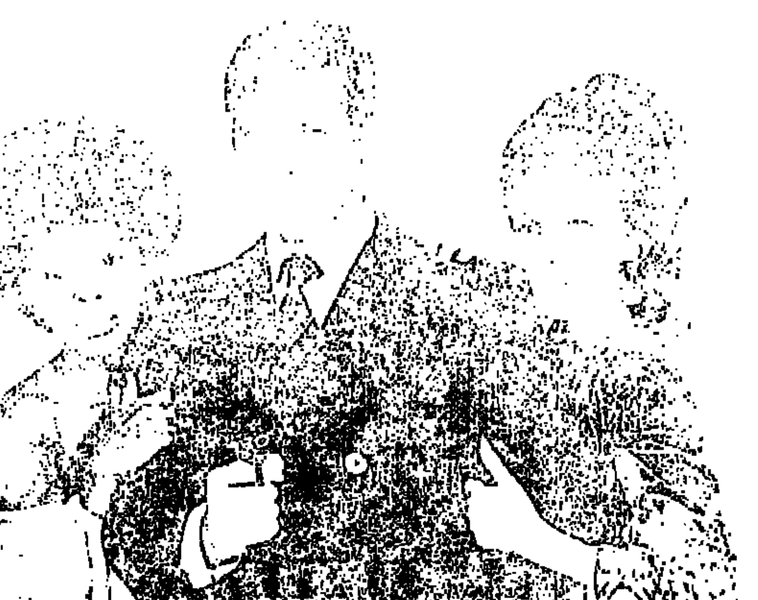
The Israel National Opera presents:

E. Kalman: "Die Zirkusprinzessin", conductor: A. Levanon; with Miriam Laron, Esther Baumwel, Lois Yavnieli, Mordehai Ben-Shahar, Sami Bechar, Michael Cherp, Robert *Gerber*, *Michael* Kahana, Rina Levy, Rafael Rosenblat (TEL AVIV: Saturday—Monday—Thursday); Verdi: "La Traviata", conductors: A. Tarski/Franklin Choset; with Esther Baumwel, Edgardo Stilvan, Boris Bar-Lev, Sami Bechar, (*Sunday*); Bizet: "Carmen", conductor: A. Tarski/F. Choset/A. Levanon, with Judith De-Paul, of the Metropolitan Opera, New York, Edgardo Stilvan, Boris Bar-Lev, Hanna Chinitz, Roberta Franchi, Mordehai Ben-Shahar, *Yehuda Shmueli, Michael Glueckeman*, Sami Bechar, Michael Kahana (Tuesday); Rossini: "Barber of Seville" (Tel Aviv — Wednesday, at 6 p.m.).

EATING OUT

PHILADELPHIA. Jewish-owned and Jewish-patronized, this unatmospheric but clean restaurant in East Jerusalem's Al Ashra Street, offers tasty Arab and Oriental food, including all the traditional maaza as well as delicious kubbe and artichokes stuffed with mincemeat. The shashlik (IL12) is made from fine steak. Openers are around IL4 each and you can make a meal of them. (M.R.)

GINO'S: Another clean little corner at the northern end of the Christian Quarter Road inside the Old City, easily reached from Jaffa Gate or New Gate, offers very good minestrone, spagetti bolognese, pizza, Cremisan wines and *80 varieties of imported beers.* The proprietor, a very pleasant Italian, doubles as cook and waiter, serves lunch only (12—3 p.m.) at modest prices. (M.R.)



Roger Moore's well-groomed 007 in "Live and Let Die."

CINEMA

*** A TOUCH OF CLASS** — Sophisticated comedy about the war between man and women with the sparring partners being Glenda Jackson and George Segal. As long as comedy is king the film is entertaining; not so successful when it turns serious.

THE WAY WE WERE — Reminiscences *of the American past with* Barbara Streisand as a tough Communist and Robert Redford as the golden boy from Virginia she falls in love with. Enjoyable in parts.

*** HAROLD AND MAUDE** — The strange story of the close friendship, leading to love, between a boy of 20 and an 80-year-old woman. Wonderful acting by Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort as the odd couple, in a film which runs the gamut from black comedy to deeply tender moments. Director Hall Ashby handles the subject with great skill and manages to avoid any mawkishness.

*** IL N'Y A PAS DE FUMEE SANS FEU** — Author-director André Cayatte ("Mourir d'Aimer") attacks political corruption in a cleverly structured and deftly directed film that engages attention all through and is excellently acted by a first class cast.

LIVE AND LET DIE — The latest James Bond film is packed with stunts, tricks and chases that come to a climax with a hair-raising chase with amphibious speedboats. But Roger Moore, alas, is no substitute for Sean Connery.

40 CARATS — Glossy, lighthearted piece about the romance between an attractive 40-year-old divorcee — mother of a teenage daughter — and a young man of 22. Liv Ullmann and Edward Albert are excellent in these roles, and there are also delightful performances from screen "veterans" Gene Kelly and Binnie Barnes. Rather weak on dialogue, but still quite agreeable escapist entertainment.

*** *LA NUIT AMERICAINE*** — *Francois* Truffaut's warm and loving tribute to the magic of movie-making. Not profound but revealing and enjoyable. With Jean-Pierre Leaud, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jacqueline Bisset and Valentina Cortesse.

LES INTRUS — Crime thriller that revolves round the threat to the life of a small child, played by the two-year-old daughter of Charles Aznavour. Me*diocre effort that tries unsuccessfully* to inject a serious note. Directed by Sergio Gobbi with Aznavour and Marie-Christine Barrault. In English.

*** AVANTI** — Amusing, sweet-sour comedy about an American businessman discovering the truth about dear old Dad and a buxom young Englishwoman finding out she can attract even if overweight. Written and directed by Billy Wilder with top-notch performances from Jack Lemmon and Juliet Mills. Arouses continuous chuckles.

HONOR THY FATHER — Based on Gay Talese's best-seller, the film deals with the American "Mafia war" of the late 'sixties with emphasis on the role *of the Bonano family. Although there* is plenty of action there is not much tension and the inevitable comparison with "The Godfather" makes it pall. With Raf Vallone and Joseph Bologna.

***LE TRAIN** — Moving and dignified film about the love of a Frenchman and a young Jewess in the war-stricken France of 1940. Fine performances from Romi Schneider and Jean-Louis Trintignant. Directed by Granier-Deferre from the novel by Simenon.

*** SISTERS** — *Off-beat* horror story revolving round Siamese twins who are successfully separated. More interesting than most such pictures it was written and directed by Brian de Palma and has good performances by Margot Kidder and *Jennifer Salt. Not for the* squeamish.

PAPILLON — Directed by Franklin Schaffner from Henri Charriere's best seller about his years of imprisonment in the penal colony of French Guiana. Unrelentingly grim and something of an ordeal to sit through. Steve McQueen gives a compelling performance as Papillon.

***L'EMMERDEUR** — Very funny and *suspenseful black comedy about a con*frontation between a hired assassin and a suicidal commercial traveller in men's shirts and ties. Lino Ventura as the man with the gun and Jacques Brel as the nuisance with the suitcase are *wonderful foils for one another and* will surely be teamed up together again. Great fun.

DON JUAN '73 — Written and directed by Roger Vadim with Brigitte Bardot as the female reincarnation of the Great Lover. In the running for the silliest and most pretentious film of the year.

*** recommended**

On the air

HEBREW NEWS AND NEWSREELS

1st Programme: News Today and Tomorrow: Every hour on the hour, except 1 a.m. Newsreels: Today: 7.05 a.m. Tomorrow: 7.05 p.m.

2nd Programme: News Today and Tomorrow: Every hour on the hour, except 7 and 8 p.m. and 4 a.m. Newsreels: *Today: 7.05 a.m. 1.05 p.m. and* 11.02 p.m. Tomorrow: 11.02 p.m. Galei Zahal: News Today and Tomorrow: Every hour on the hour. Newsreels Today: 8.05 a.m., 12.05 and 5.05 p.m. and 12.05 a.m. Tomorrow: 8.05 a.m. 5.05 p.m. and 12.05 a.m.

ENGLISH NEWS AND PROGRAMMES

7.15 a.m. (4th programme and short waves); 9.55 a.m. (1st programme); 1.30-2.00 p.m. (4th programme and short waves); 4.55 p.m. (1st programme); 8.30-8.45 p.m. (4th programme); 10.00-10.45 p.m. (short waves).

FRENCH NEWS AND PROGRAMMES

7.15 a.m. (4th programme and short waves); 10.55 a.m. (1st programme); 2.00-2.30 p.m. (4th programme and short waves); 5.55 p.m. (1st programme); 8.45-9.00 p.m. (4th programme); 12.00-1.00 a.m. (short waves).

1st Programme— 256, 522 and 221 M.
4th Programme —407, 445 and 292 M.
Short Waves — 16, 19, 25, 31, 33, 51 and 49 M.

FIRST PROGRAMME

TODAY

7.58 a.m. Opening. 8.06 Musical Delicacies. 9.05 The Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra (stereo), Mozart: Bassoon Concerto (Zukerman-Eitliner); Partos: Psalms (Rodan). 9.55 English News. 10.05 Jer. Symph. Orch. (cont.) — Schumann; Symphony No.1 (Rodan); Keleman: Colour Changer (Ronli-Riklis, soloist: Siegfried Palm). 10.55 French News. 11.00 News in easy Hebrew. 11.05 "Ivrit La'am." 11.15 Programmes for elementary schools. 11.50 Song and Melody. 12.05 "My Concert" — Avi Hanani. 1.05 "Midday Concert." 2.10 Mother and Child. 3.05 Kabbalat Shabbat. 4.05 Moment of Hebrew 4.05 The Middle East. 4.55 English News. 5.05 "Classical Request Programme" — Beethoven: Overture "Fidelio"; Tchaikovsky: Piano Concerto No.1 5.55 French News. 6.05 What will be heard? — a preview of next week's music programme produced by Gideon Rosengarten. 6.30 *Literary Magazine.* 7.05 "The Weekly Column." 8.05 "Shabbat Album." 9.05 "Friday Evening Concert" (Stereo) produced by Alexandra Melamed — Tchaikovsky: "Romeo and Juliet" Abbado-Boston); Mozart: Concerto for *three pianos, K. 242 (Gold — Fitzdale* — Bernstein — N.Y. Philharmonic); Brahms: Symphony No.2 (Abbado-Berlin). 11.02 Radiostory." 11.35 "Finale." 12.05 A Moment of Poetry. 12.07 Close Down. 2.05-5.00 Songs and tunes. 5.05-5.00 Same as second *programme.*

TOMORROW

7.58 a.m. Opening 8.05 "Morning Concert" — Bach: Suite No.1; Haydn: Sinfonia Concertante. 9.05 World of Science. 9.35 Musical Quiz. 9.55 English News. 10.05 The Weekly Diary. 10.55 French News. 11.05 "Curtain up." 12.05 "The *Interview of the* Month." 1.05 "Midday Concert" (Stereo) — Babel; Concerto; Dvorak: Symphony No.9 (Bernstein). 2.05 "Mother and Child." 3.05 "Chamber Music." — Brahms: Sextet No.2 (Amadeus — Aharonovitz — Pelliti). 4.05 "Me and *My Prayer*." 4.55 English News. 5.05 Musical continuity — produced by Paul Landau. 5.55 French News. 6.05 Debussy's Life. 6.40 Spanish Songs. 7.05 Weekly Diary 7.50 Bible Reading Tehilim, chaps. 43 and 44. 8.05 "Recital" Boris Lvov, piano — Beethoven: Rondo Capriccioso; Chopin: Scherzo, Polonaise, Etude, Mazurka; Liszt: Rhapsody No.10; Rimsky-Korsakov: "Flight of the Bumble-Bee." 8.44 Mahler: Lieder (Adi Etzion — Yonathan Zak). 9.05 Hamavdil. 10.05 "Literary Club" 11.02 "Listen and Solve." 12.05 A moment of Poetry. 00.08: Drama "The Police" (in English) 01.00 Close Down. 2.00-5.00 *Songs and Tunes. 5.00-8.00 Same as second* programme.

SECOND PROGRAMME

457, 423, 256, 249, 355 and 340 M.

TODAY: 5.05 a.m. Hebrew songs. 5.55 Religious service. 6.10 Exercises. 6.20 Musical clock. 6.55 Programme Announcements. 6.59 A Moment of Hebrew. 7.05 "This Morning." 7.25 "Hebrew Songs." 7.55 "Green Light." 8.05 Announcements. 8.10 "Good Morning." 8.55 Names and Events in the Headlines. 9.05 "Good Morning" (cont.) 10.05 "Here at Home." 11.45 Where to go and light music. 12.05 Programmes for the Worker and the Employer. 12.30 Hebrew Songs. 1.05 p.m. "At Midday." 2.05 "In Circle" — weekly Magazine. 4.05 A Moment of Hebrew. 4.08 *"Who is Afraid of Classical Music."* 4.30 Shabbat songs. 5.05 "Yesterdays." 6.05 "What I Like." 6.55 Announcements. 9.05 "Till Midnight." 10.05 Hebrew Songs. 11.02 Tonight. 11.15 "Yaakov Agmon Entertains." 1.05-2.00 Songs and Tunes.

Tomorrow: 5.05 a.m. Songs and tunes. 6.05 Musical clock. 7.00 Religious Service. 7.10 Hebrew Songs. 8.05 Announcements. 8.10 Morning tunes — regards. 8.55 A. Allon's corner. 9.05 Morning tunes (cont.) 10.05 "Mixed Notes." 11.05 "The Ships Sail Far" 12.05 "It Makes me Laugh." 1.05 p.m. Stage and screen. 1.40 Eretz Yisrael Reminiscences 2.05 Where to go and light music. 2.25 "Songs and Tunes." 3.05 Popular songs. 6.05 "The Problem in Question." 6.30 Sports. 8.55 Announcements. 9.05 Folk Songs. 9.45 Sports. 10.05 "The Record Library at your Service." 11.02 "Tonight." 11.15 "Dori Ben-Zeev presents." 1.05-3.05 Songs and tunes.

FIFTH PROGRAMME

445 M.

Today and Tomorrow: 6.58 p.m. Opening. 7.00 News. 7.05 Song and Melody. 8.00 News. 8.05 Song and *Melody.*

IMMIGRANTS' HOUR

457, 423, 249, 355 and 340.5 M.

7.00 p.m. News in easy Hebrew. Ivrit La'am. 7.15 Georgian. 7.30 Yiddish. 8.00 Ladino. 8.15 Mograbi. 8.30 Rumanian. 8.45 Russian 9.00 Close Down.

GALEI ZAHAL

Today: 5.55 a.m. Morning Prayer. 6.05 Morning tunes. 7.55 Programme trailer 8.05 "Zahal's Newsreel." 8.20 Morning tunes (cont.) 9.05 Requests. 9.55 "The Short Hassidic Story." 10.05 Requests. 10.55 Uri Sela's Corner. 11.05 Warm and Tasty. 11.55 "The Voices behind the Story." 12.05 Zahal's Newsreel. 12.30 Warm and Tasty. 1.30 The Jewish Viewpoint. 1.35 Warm and Tasty.

1.55 p.m. Announcements to soldiers. 2.05 Hebrew *Hit Parade. 4.05 Yehoram Gaon's programme.* 4.55 Prophetic Portion of the Week. 5.05 "Police File 3948/64." 5.55 Programme Trailer. 6.05 Zahal's Weekly Magazine. 7.05 Didi Manousi's short Friday. 8.05 "Personal Experience." 9.05 "With One Singer — *Barbara.*" 10.05 "Guest Hour." 11.05 An Evening with Yehoram Gaon and I.D.F. Orchestra. 11.55 Midnight Talk. 12.05 Zahal's Newsreel. 12.30 Night Birds. 3.05 Tunes in the night.

Tomorrow: 5.55 a.m. Morning Prayer 6.05 Saturday Morning. 8.05 Zahal's Newsreel. 8.55 Programme Trailer 9.05 "Sandwich." 11.05 "A Guest for a Party" 12.05 "Affairs" — "You're No.1." 1.05 Personal Questions — Yaakov Agmon's programme. 2.05 p.m. "The Seventh Day" — two hours with Zaharira Harifay. 4.05 "On one subject." 5.05 Zahal's Newsreel 5.55 Programme trailer. 6.05 "Radio-stage-America." 7.05 "From him to you." 8.05 "By request." 9.05 Tradition, Tradition. 9.35 Music from the shows. 10.05 "Let's Talk" — with Nathan Donewitz. 11.05 Songs from England and Scotland. 11.55 Midnight talk. 12.05 Zahal's Newsreel. 12.30 "Night birds." 3.05 Tunes in the night.

A FEW PLACES LEFT FOR THE SHAVUOT HOLIDAY RAMAT TIVON

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